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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1897.

*The Chevalier d'Auriac.*¹

BY S. LEVETT YEATS,
AUTHOR OF 'THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI.'

CHAPTER VI.

'GREEN AS A JADE CUP.'

WE passed the lacework of trees that bordered the skirts of the forest, Nicholas and I. On our left we could hear the drumming of a horse's hoofs growing fainter and more faint, as Jacques rode through the night to Rouvres. Marie's wailing came to us from behind, and Nicholas, who was walking doggedly along by the neck of my horse, stopped short suddenly and looked back. Turning in my saddle I looked back too, and there she was, in shadowy outline, at the ruined gates of the inn, and again her sobbing cry came to us.

'*Morbleu!*' I muttered to myself as I saw Nicholas' face twitch in the moonlight, 'I must end this at once;' and then sharply to my companion, 'What stays you? Pick your heart up, man! One would think you go into the bottomless pit, you walk with so tender a foot!'

'I don't know what is in the bottomless pit, monsieur, and, like other fools, would probably go there on the run; but I do know the mercy of M. de Gomeron, and—I am not wont to be so, but my heart is as heavy as lead.'

'Very well; then let us go back. It is like to be a fool's errand with such a guide.'

¹ Copyright 1896 by S. Levett Yeats.

My words, and the tone they were uttered in, touched him on the raw, and he swung round.

'I will go, monsieur; this way—to the right.'

We turned sharply behind the silently waving arms of a hedge of hornbeam, and it was a relief to find that this cut away all further chance of seeing the pitiful figure at the gates of the inn. Nicholas drew the folds of his frayed cloak over his head, as if to shut out all sound, and hurried onwards—a tall figure, lank and dark, that flitted before me within the shadow of the hedgerow. My horse's knees were hidden by the undergrowth on either side of the winding track, that twined and twisted like a snake under the tangle of grass and weed. This waste over which we passed, grey-green in the moonlight, and swaying in the wind, rolled like a heaving, sighing sea to where it was brought up abruptly by the dark mass of the forest, standing up solidly against the sky as though it were a high coast line. As we forced our way onwards, the swish of the grass was as the churning of water at the bows of a boat, and one could well imagine that the long, shaking splashes of white, mottling the moving surface before us, was caused by the breaking of uneasy water into foam. Of a truth these white splashes were but *marguerites*.

From the warm dark depths at our feet myriads of grasshoppers shrilled to each other to be of good cheer, and ever and again we heard the sudden plunge and bustle of a startled hare, as it scuttered away in a mad fear at nothing.

'You count your toises long here, Nicholas,' I remarked, for something to say, as we spattered in and out of a shallow pool; and the gnats, asleep on its surface, rose in a brown cloud, and hummed their anger about our ears.

'They are as we reckon them, monsieur. But a few steps further and we will get my horse; and after that there is no difficulty, for I know each track and bypath of these woods.'

'And I wager that many a fat buck has dropped here to your arquebus on moonlight nights such as this.'

'One does not learn the forest for nothing, M. le Chevalier; but the bucks fell lawfully enough. My grandfather came here as huntsman to Madame Diane; my father succeeded him, and I had followed my father; but for the war——'

'And a smart soldier you made. I remember that when I cut you down from a nasty position I had not time then to hear how you came in such plight. How was it? Tell me the truth.'

'I have almost forgotten how to do so. I will try, however and make it short. When M. le Marquis bore you off after the duel and the escape of the prisoners, the Captain de Gomeron turned on me, and, damning me from head to toe, swore he would flay me to ribbons. Feeling sure he would do so, and careless of the consequences, I answered back—with the result you know. Marked as I was, it was useless to seek employment anywhere, and then I became what I am, and shall end on the wheel.'

'I don't think so,' I said; but he interrupted—

'At any rate not before I have paid my debt, and the bill presses.'

I had purposely worked up to this.

'See here, sergeant,' I said, 'no nonsense. Brush off that bee you have on your head. You are here to-day to attend to my business, not your own. You say you are sick of your present life. Well, I have means to give you another chance, and I will do so; but I repeat again "no nonsense." You understand?'

He stood silently for a moment, looking this way and that. We were within a yard or so of the forest, and its shadow covered him, all but his face, which was turned to me, drawn and white. He was struggling against old habits of absolute obedience, and they won.

'I understand, M. le Chevalier.'

'Very well, then, go on, and remember what I have said.'

He turned and stepped forwards: 'This way, and mind the branches overhead,' and we entered the forest, my horse leaping a shallow ditch that separated it from the grass land. We took a soft turf-covered path, overhung by branches, and went on for about fifty paces before coming to a halt, which we did in a small irregular patch of trees that lay in the full flood of the moonlight. In the darkness beyond I heard the gentle murmur of a small spring, and then the distinct movement of a heavy body and the clink of iron. My hand reached to my holster in a flash, but Nicholas saw the gesture, and said, 'It is the horse. A moment, monsieur,' and lifting up the curtain of leaves beside him, from which, as he did so, the dew fell in a soft shower, he dived into the thicket, to reappear again leading the long black length of his horse. It struck me at once that the beast was of uncommon size, and this, and the white star on its forehead, brought to my mind the recollection of de Rône's great English charger, Couronne.

'*Harnibleu!*' I burst out; 'you seem to be in the lowest

water, and here you have a horse worth a hundred pistoles at the least !’

‘Did you see her by daylight, monsieur, you would know that twice a hundred pistoles would not purchase her. Do you not know her, M. le Chevalier ? This is Couronne, M. de Rône’s charger !’

‘Couronne ! I thought so. And how the devil do you come by her ?’

‘Her reins were in the wind when I caught her ; a fair prize of war, and M. de Rône will never need her more. Since I got her she has saved me twice, and if I can help it we shall never part.’

He stroked the mare’s sleek neck, wet and glistening with the dew, and, quickly mounting, swung her round to the bit and laid her beside me. It was not the time for talk, and we drew out of the clearing in single file, and, after forcing our way through the wet and shining leaves around us, found a bridle path. Along this my guide went at a trot. On either side of us the silent tree trunks stretched to an infinite distance in gloomy colonnades. Overhead, the boughs swayed and shook sadly ; below, the dry leaves hissed and crackled. Once, when we had slackened pace for a moment, the sullen groaning of an old and very savage boar came to us, and we heard him grinding his tusks in his lair of juniper. At another time we surprised a number of deer in an open glade, and, startled by our sudden appearance, they dashed off with a wild rush into the forest, and then all was still. Beyond the glade the roadway widened, so that two might keep abreast, and down this we went at a gallop, to find ourselves once more in the endless aisles of the forest, passing through a ghostly light that barely enabled the horses to pick their way in and out amongst the huge moss-grown trees standing in measureless numbers around us, and where each pace took them fetlock-deep into the carpet of wet and withered leaves. Amidst the creaking of the boughs overhead, and the churn of the leaves at our feet, we rode on, nose to tail, Nicholas leading the way with unerring certainty. What his thoughts were, I knew not ; but as I looked at the square outlines of the figure before me I could not but feel pity for this man, reduced to such a condition. True, the life of a common soldier was not such as to make a man squeamish about many things, but the ex-sergeant had always struck me as being a man of a different stamp to the generality of his fellows, and it was a thousand pities to see him forced to be

a rogue; de Gomeron had truly much to answer for. But if I could I would mend this matter.

I had done too little good in the world to neglect the opportunity that seemed to present itself to me, so as we went on I weaved a little plan to give the man another start in life. I had already a rough idea when I parted with those gold pieces to Marie, but pulled all the threads together as we rode along, fully resolving to give my plan effect as soon as the business I had in hand was done. And of this business I could not hope much. We were going straight into the lion's mouth, as it were, for, whether de Gomeron held the King's commission or not, he had twenty lances at his back at Anet; and who on earth would question him if a crop-eared thief and his companion were slain? Besides, even if we were not discovered, I could see no way of laying hold of the tail of the conspiracy by floundering through a measureless forest at night, and finally skulking round the castle like a homeless cat. I half began to repent me of the whole affair, and to wish that I had tossed the venture up and down a trifle more in my mind before I embarked upon it. At the worst, however, perhaps it meant nothing more than a night in the forest, and, the next day, a tired horse and man. On the other hand, there was, or rather is, such a thing as luck in the world, and did I make a discovery of any consequence my hand would be much stronger. Perchance, indeed, I might be assured of success, and then—other things might happen. Whilst I was thus ruminating, Nicholas suddenly pulled up, and held out a warning hand.

'What is it?' I asked in a low tone.

'Hist!' he said, and then in a rapid whisper, 'another fifty yards and we come to the open. Anet lies before us, and the rest of the way must be done on foot.'

'And the horses?'

'Fasten them here. You have a picketing rope?'

'Yes—round the neck of the horse.'

'Good; I had not noticed it before, and was half afraid you had none, monsieur.'

The horses were soon securely fastened, and, when this was done, Nicholas spoke low and earnestly: 'Should we be discovered, monsieur, there is no use making a standing fight. The odds are too many. When we come to the open I will show you a withered oak. This is exactly opposite where the horses are—in this direction. If we are pursued, make for the forest, and lie

down. The chances are they will pass us by. Then to the horses and follow me. If I go down—ride northwards for your life.'

'How the devil am I to find my way through the trees?'

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders as if to say that was my affair.

We had gone too far to go back, however, and placing my pistols in my belt, and loosening my sword in its sheath, I followed Nicholas with cautious footsteps. As he said, in about fifty yards we came to the open, and halted close to a huge oak, bald of all leaves, with its gnarled trunk riven and scarred by lightning. Before us a level stretch of turf sloped gently down towards what was once an ornamental lake, but now overgrown with the rankest weeds. In the centre of the lake was a small island, on which was set a summerhouse, fashioned like a Moorish kiosque, and beyond this arose, huge and square, the enormous façade of the château. It was in darkness except for an oriel window above a long terrace on the east wing, which was bright with light, and in the courtyard below there was evidently a fire. Men were singing around it, and a lilting chorus came to our ears.

Nicholas pointed to the window, then looked at the priming of his wheel-lock pistol and whispered hoarsely, 'We must keep in the shadow, monsieur. Stay—this is the tree; you cannot mistake it, and now come on. Be careful not to trip or stumble, and, above all, do not cough.'

No worse warning than the latter could have been given to me, and I all but choked myself in my efforts to restrain an almost uncontrollable desire either to sneeze or cough. Luckily, I managed to hold myself in. Inch by inch we crept onwards, keeping well in the shadow, and edging our way round the frills of the forest. I could hear Nicholas breathing hard, and from time to time he stopped to rest; but I was a glad man to find I was not winded, and that therefore I must be truly as strong again as ever I was. At last, by dint of creeping, crawling, and wriggling along, we worked our way to within twenty paces of the terrace, above which the stained glass of the oriel window glowed with light. Here we came to a stop and watched. Sometimes we saw a shadow moving backwards and forwards in the light of the window, then the shadow was joined by another, and both stopped, as if the two men to whom they belonged were in earnest converse. The merriment from the courtyard was

unceasing, and whatever may have been the dark plots weaving upstairs, below there was nothing but the can and the catch.

'We must get to the window,' I whispered with an inquiring look.

'By the terrace,' said Nicholas in answer, and as he spoke there came to us the faint but distinct sound of a horn, apparently from the very depths of the forest, and the notes roused a brace of hounds in the courtyard, who bayed into the night. Nicholas gripped my arm, and I turned to him in surprise. His face was pale, he was shaking all over like an aspen, and his black eyes were dilated with fear.

'Did you hear that, monsieur?' he said thickly.

'*Diable!* What? I hear three different things—dogs, men, and some one blowing a horn.'

'Then you did hear it—the horn?'

'Yes. What of it? No doubt a post on its way to Anet.'

'No post ever rang that blast, monsieur. That is the Wild Huntsman, and the blast means death.'

As he spoke it came again, wild and shrill with an eerie flourish, the like of which I had never heard before. The dogs seemed to go mad with the sound, there was a hubbub in the courtyard, and some one in the chamber above the terrace threw open the sash and peered out into the night. I thought at first it was de Gomeron; but the voice was not his, for, after looking for a moment, he gave a quick order to the men below and stepped in again. As for Nicholas, he seemed beside himself, and I had to hold him by main force by my side, or he would have broken and fled.

'*Diable!*' I said, 'sit still, fool—see, there are a couple of horsemen gone in search of your Wild Huntsman, who has been so nearly spoiling our soup. They will occupy him at any rate—sit still.'

The men rode by us slowly, one of them carrying a torch, and, taking a turn to the right, trotted off into the forest, cursing the orders they had received to go forth after the horn-winder. As they passed, I began to breathe more freely, for had they gone to the left it was an even chance that they would have discovered our horses, owing to one of the beasts neighing, a danger always to be guarded against in an ambuscade. In a minute or so Nicholas, too, began to get more composed, and seeing this I determined to prick him into anger, for then he would fear nothing.

'Pull up, man,' I said; 'your ears lie beyond that pane of glass. Do you not want them back?'

He put his hand up to the side of his head with a muttered curse, to which de Gomeron's name was linked, and I saw that he was better.

'Now,' I whispered, 'for the window.'

'We must get to the terrace,' he answered. 'From there it might be done.' And with a hurried look behind him, at which I began to laugh in a low tone of mockery, he crawled forward rapidly. I followed with equal speed and caution, and in a half minute we had gained the shadow of the terrace, and, working along its ivy-covered wall, got to the main building. Here we cast about for some means to get up. It was not possible to do this by holding on to the ivy, as if it came away there would be a fall and all our fat would be in the fire. The ascent had to be made noiselessly, and, as I looked at the high wall before us, I began to think it was impossible. Running my eye on the lichen-grey face of the main building, however, I noticed something that looked like a series of huge monograms, with a crescent above each, cut in high relief on the stones, beginning about ten feet from the ground.

'We might get up that way,' I whispered.

Nicholas nodded, with a pale face. In his excitement he had forgotten the Wild Huntsman, much to my satisfaction.

'Bend then, and I will ascend from your back.'

He leaned forwards against the wall, and climbing on to his shoulders, I found that I might possibly raise myself by the monograms, which I discovered to be the letters H. D. interlaced in one another, the initials of the second Henry and Diane de Poitiers; and the crescent was, as is well known, Madame Diane's crest. Taking a long breath, I lifted myself slowly—there was but an inch or so to hold on to—and at last found a crevice in which I could just put the point of my boot. This was enough for me to change my hold to the next higher monogram, and finally I came to a level with the parapet of the terrace. Here there was a difficulty. Every time I stretched my hand out to grasp the parapet I found that I could not reach over, and that my fingers slipped off from the slime and moss on the stones. Three times I made the attempt, and swung back three times, until I began to feel that the effort was beyond me. There was, however, one chance, and quietly thrusting my boot forward, I began to feel amidst the ivy for a possible foothold, and, to my

delight, found it rest at once on a small projecting ledge that ran round the terrace. The remainder of my task was easy, and the next moment I found myself lying flat on my face beneath the oriel window.

Here I paused to recover myself, peering down at Nicholas, who was making an attempt to raise himself by his hands to reach the monograms and climb to me. 'Steady,' I whispered, 'and catch this.' Rapidly unwinding a silken sash I wore round my waist, in the fashion I had learned when serving in Spain, I dropped one end towards him, and after an effort or two he managed to seize it. Then I looped a fold of the silk round a buttress of the parapet, and, holding on to the other end, told Nicholas to climb, and as the sash tightened suddenly, I cast up a prayer that it might not break. It was, however, of Eastern make, and one might have hung a bombard to it with safety. I heard Nicholas breathing hard, and once or twice the ivy rustled more than it ought to have, but at last his head appeared over the parapet and he too was beside me. A moment after we saw the flash of a torch in the forest and heard the voices of the men who had gone forth returning, and then three instead of two horsemen appeared, riding towards the main entrance.

'There, Nicholas, is your Wild Huntsman. Are you satisfied now?'

And he hung his head like a great dog that has been detected in something wrong.

'Now for the window,' I said. 'I will rise slowly and find out what I can. You keep your pistol ready and your eyes open. Do not rise, and remember my orders.'

'There is a broken pane to the left; it is half hidden by the curtain. You can hear and see from there.'

As he said this I rose softly to my feet, and finding the broken pane without any difficulty, peered in.

The room was bright with the light of candles, and at a table covered with papers were seated two men, whilst a third was standing and pointing with his fingers at a scroll. In the man with his back to me I had no difficulty in recognising de Gomeron. The one looking towards me was assuredly Biron, for his was a face that once seen could never be forgotten. As for the man who was standing beside him, I knew him not, though subsequently—but I anticipate.

Biron was evidently in a high state of excitement. He was biting at the end of his dark moustache, and the fingers of his

hand were playing nervously with the star on his breast, whilst his shifty, treacherous eyes were turning now on de Gomeron, now on the figure standing at his elbow. He seemed to be hesitating, and I heard de Gomeron say :

'This is my price—not money, not land, not a title, but only a few words. You have each one, my lord, your share of the spoils, set down in writing. I do not want so much even. All I ask is your word of honour to favour my suit with the King. For me the word of Biron is enough, and I know his Majesty can refuse you nothing.'

'My God!' exclaimed Biron, and writhed in his chair.

'The Marshal might give me the promise I seek, Lafin,' and de Gomeron turned to the man who was standing at Biron's elbow. 'The word will give me a wife—not much of a reward.'

'And the lands of Bidache and Pelouse, eh?'

I almost fell forwards in my eagerness to hear, and only checked myself in time.

'Exactly,' sneered de Gomeron. 'Do you think I have risked my life for the good of my health? See here, Chevalier,' and he bent forward and whispered a word or so that made the other pale, and then de Gomeron leaned back in his chair and smiled. Biron did not apparently see or hear. His forehead was resting on his clasped hand, and he seemed to be revolving the hazard of some great step. As for me, I thought I caught the words, 'your instant help,' followed by 'lances' and 'power,' and guessed—I was not wrong—that the captain had forced Lafin's hand.

'My dear de Gomeron,' he said, 'the Marshal is willing enough, but you know the common talk, that the King has other views for Madame, and that M. d'Ayen——' But Biron interposed :

'M. de Gomeron, you ask too much. Madame de la Bidache is of the first nobility. Tremouille was my friend. It is too much.'

'And I give Monseigneur a crown.'

'*Peste!* My lord, after all M. de Gomeron has deserved his price, and a good sword and a better head must not be thrown away. Remember, monseigneur, an open hand makes faithful hearts,' said Lafin.

'But the King would never consent,' began Biron.

'Give me your word to help me, monseigneur. I will do the rest for myself.'

'Give it, my lord.'

Biron hesitated for a moment, and then suddenly threw up his hands. 'Very well, let it be as you wish. I promise, M. de Gomeron.'

'Enough, my lord; I thank you. The Chevalier Lafin has laid before you in detail all our resources. Let me now show you this.' He unrolled a parchment that was before him, and handed it to the Marshal. 'Here,' he added, 'are the signatures of all. It only needs that of Biron; now sign.'

I could hear the beating of my heart in the silence that followed, and then Biron said hoarsely, 'No! no! I will never put my name to paper.'

'*Morbleu!* Marshal,' burst out Lafin, 'this is no time for nibbling at a cherry. Tremouille and Epernon have signed. Put your seal to the scroll, and the day it reaches M. de Savoye, thirty thousand troops are across the frontier, and you will change the cabbage gardens of Biron for the coronet of Burgundy and La Bresse.'

'And see your head on a crown piece, Marshal,' added de Gomeron.

'But we have not heard, Lafin——' began the Marshal.

'We shall hear to-night, monseigneur—that horn meant news, and Zamet never fails. Curse the low-bred Italian! *Pardieu!* he is here,' and as he spoke, I heard what seemed to be three distinct knocks at a carved door, and, Lafin opening it, a man booted and spurred entered the room. He was splashed with mud as one who had ridden fast and far.

'Zamet!' exclaimed the Marshal and de Gomeron, both rising, and the face of the former was pale as death.

'Good evening, gentlemen! *Maledetto!* But I have had a devil of a ride, and some fool kept winding a will-o'-the-wisp kind of horn that led me a fine dance. It was lucky I met your men.'

'Then that blast we heard was not yours?'

'*Corpo di Bacco!* No, Chevalier.'

I was glad to think that Nicholas, who was crouching at my feet, did not hear this, or there might have been a catastrophe, but that indeed was not long delayed.

'Well, friends, you all seem to have pale faces—would you not like to hear the news? I have ridden post to tell you.'

There was no answer, and the Italian continued: 'I suppose I must give it. Make your minds easy. It is all over—she died last night. We are free at any rate from the enmity of Gabrielle—she knew too much.'

'Did it hurt her?' asked Biron nervously.

'I don't know,' answered Zamet brutally, 'I have never tasted the Borgia citron myself.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' exclaimed the Marshal, springing to his feet, 'this is too terrible,' and he began to pace up and down, whilst the other three remained in whispered converse, their eyes now and again turning to Biron, who walked the room like a caged beast. Nicholas had risen slowly to his feet despite my orders, and was looking over my shoulders with a white face and blazing eyes. I dared not tell him to go back; but, with a warning look at him, strained my ears to catch what was being said, but could hear nothing, until at length Zamet raised his voice: 'Have done with it, Marshal, and sign. After all, Madame de Beaufort was no more than a —,' and he used a foul word. 'The King is prostrate now; but in a week Gabrielle will be forgotten, and then anything might happen. He is beginning to recover. He already writes verses on the lost one,' he went on with a grin, '*charmante Gabrielle—diavolo!* but you should have seen her as she lay dead—she was green as a jade cup.'

'Be still, dog!' and Biron turned fiercely on him. The Italian stepped back, his hand on his dagger; but in a moment he recovered himself. His black eyebrows lifted, and his upper lip drew back over his teeth in a sneer.

'I did not know Monseigneur would be so affected; but time presses and we need the name of Biron to that scroll. Hand the Marshal the pen, Lafin.'

'It is here,' and de Gomeron, dipping a pen in a silver ink-stand, held it out in his hand.

Biron made a half step forward to take it, when a thing happened. I felt myself suddenly thrust aside, and there was a blinding flash, a loud report, and a shout from Nicholas, 'Missed, by God!'

There was absolutely no time to do anything but make for the horses. Nicholas had fired at de Gomeron in his mad thirst for revenge, and had practically given our lives away. In the uproar and din that followed we slid down the sash like apes, and dashed towards the horses. Some one shouted 'Traitor—traitor!' and let fly at us twice as we ran across the open space. From the courtyard we could hear the hurry and bustle of men suddenly aroused, and as we reached the oak we heard the bay of the bloodhounds, and the thunder of hoofs in pursuit.

CHAPTER VII.

POOR NICHOLAS!

FROM the oak to the spot where our horses were tethered was close upon fifty paces, and never, I think, was ground covered at a speedier rate by men running for their lives. I was bursting with anger, and know not what restrained me from pistolling Nicholas, so furious was I at the blind folly of the man. As we reached the horses, we could hear the dogs splashing through the spill-water at the edge of the lake, and some one fired a third shot at us from horseback—a shot in the dark which whistled through the branches overhead.

‘Quick! quick, monsieur!’ gasped Nicholas, and with a turn of his hand he freed Couronne, and sprang to her back—the great mare standing steady as a rock.

‘Quick!’ he called out again more loudly, and I made a vain effort to loosen my beast, which, startled by the shots, the baying of the dogs, and our haste and hurry, plunged and kicked as though it were demented.

‘Damn you!’ I hissed, half at the horse, half at the cowered idiot who had caused this disaster, and, managing somehow to scramble to the saddle, cut the halter with a draw of my dagger. At this moment the dogs reached us; a dark object sprang up from the ground, and, fastening on the jaws of my horse, brought him to his knees, whilst the other beast flew at my companion. Nicholas’ pistol rang out to no purpose, the report was echoed by a chorus of shouts from the troopers following us, and Couronne, swinging round, lashed out with her heels at the hound that was baying her. Leaning forward with one arm half round the neck of my snorting horse, I thrust twice at the hound hanging to him, the first time sliding off his metal collar, but at the second blow my blade slipped to the hilt into something soft, it seemed of its own accord, and as the dead dog fell suddenly back, bearing my poniard with it, my freed horse rose to its feet, and mad with pain dashed forwards into the teeth of our pursuers. I let him go—one might as well have tried to stop the rush of a mad bull. By a miracle I escaped being torn off by the overhanging branches, and as we raced into the open, Nicholas at my heels shouting ‘To the north! to the north!’ we were not twenty paces away from the troopers. My frantic horse went straight at them, and,

driving my spurs home, I made him leap at the foremost horseman. His animal swerved off—a piece of good luck for both of us. Then my pistol missed fire, and I was in the midst of them. The quarters were so close, and the confusion so great, that at first only those on the outside could use their weapons, and in their hurry to do so some of these perhaps struck at each other. One man, however, shortened his sword, and would have run me through had I not luckily seen the flash of the blade and given him the heavy iron-bound butt of my pistol on the forehead. He was probably much hurt, but although he lurched backwards senseless, so close was the press that he was held in his saddle. The butt of the pistol was broken off by the blow, and for the moment I was disarmed. I dared not call out to Nicholas for fear of being recognised; but at this juncture horse and man on my right seemed to be dashed to earth, and Nicholas was at my elbow, striking right and left with the heavy hilt of his sword. Profiting by the relief, I drew out my second pistol and shot the man before me. Pressing against his mount with my brave little nag, who was now in hand again, I got clear, and, with a shout to Nicholas to follow, dashed off towards the north. It was at this moment that three other riders galloped up, and I heard de Gomeron call out, '*Sangdiou!* They are off. After them, dogs!' and clapping spurs to his beast he rode after us. We had, however, gained a full twenty yards' start, which was more than trebled by the few seconds' delay before the troopers could recover themselves and follow. My horse was going at racing pace; but Couronne kept by his side with a long and effortless stride. De Gomeron was at our heels, and with a sudden rush ranged alongside of Nicholas. The sergeant possibly did not recognise his assailant, and managed somehow to parry the cut aimed at him, and the next moment de Gomeron's horse stumbled and went down; but the man himself, who was a rare horseman, fell on his feet like a cat. It was, however, a moment more of respite, and Nicholas, with a wild cheer, dashed into the forest, riding recklessly through the trees. We both leaned forward to the necks of our horses, and as far as I was concerned I made no attempt to guide my beast, but let him follow Couronne, who, surefooted as a stag, turned and twisted amongst the trees with almost human forethought. The single hound that was left strained bravely behind us; but, mindful probably of the fate that had overtaken his brother, made no direct attack. As we dashed into the wood the troopers attempted to follow; but it was with a relaxed speed, and every moment we

were distancing them, and their cries, shouts, and curses became fainter and more faint. I began to think if we could but be rid of the sleuthhound, we should get off with whole skins. The beast was, however, not to be shaken off, and, avoiding the heels of the horses, came with a *lop, lop*, through the leaves alongside my nag, just out of reach of the point of my sword, which I had managed to draw. As he snapped and growled, my horse, already once wounded, and still smarting with pain, shied off from him, bruising my leg against a tree trunk, in the bark of which my spur remained, and all but unseating me. Another shy amongst the trees would have finished my business, for the pain of the bruise at the moment was exquisite; but, leaping a fallen log, Nicholas burst through a juniper bush, and my horse following him, we came on to an open stretch which sloped down to the river.

'*Ouf!* Out of it at last!' I gasped out to Nicholas.

'It's a mile yet to the river, monsieur,' he answered, slackening pace slightly to allow me to get alongside of him.

The dog, however, was not yet shaken off, and kept steadily beside my horse. In the bright moon I could see him running freely and easily; and, much as I cursed his presence there, I could not help but admire the gallant beast. He seemed to know perfectly the danger that lay in the long shining sword, that thrust out at him like a snake's tongue whenever he came too near.

I, however, owed him one for the bruise, and it was not a time to waste in admiring things. So I called to Nicholas.

'Slacken pace a little more. I want to be rid of the dog.'

'We can kill him in the river,' answered the sergeant.

'Better stop him here,' and Nicholas obeyed.

Seeing us slacken, the hound tried to head the horses. This was exactly what I wanted; and shortening the reins, I pulled round my nag suddenly, right upon the dog, and, stooping low, gave him a couple of inches in the quarters as he attempted to double. It was not a wound that would kill. I had no intention, unless forced to, of doing that; but it had the desired effect, and he fled back howling with pain.

'Adieu, monsieur!' I cried out after him with a laugh, and joining the sergeant we cantered on through the clearing towards the river.

The ill-will I felt towards Nicholas had gone by this time. He had borne himself like a brave man, as he was; and, after all, if I had been in his position I should perhaps have done the same, and let drive at de Gomeron at sight. My little nag, however,

at this time began to show signs of distress, and I turned my attention from the sergeant to husbanding the poor beast's strength—patting him on his foam-covered neck to encourage him, and speaking to him in the manner that horses love. *Pardieu!* If men only knew it, there are moments when a touch of the hand and a kind word are better than four-inch spurs.

We came to a narrow patch now, and rode down this, the river being in sight, winding like a silver ribbon thrown carelessly down. On the opposite bank it was overhung with willows, whose drooping boughs swung low to the very surface of the water. Here and there the stump of a felled tree stood up like a sentinel. In the distance, behind us, we could hear one or two of the troopers, who had by this time managed to get through the wood, yelling and shouting as they urged their horses towards the river. Doubtless more would soon follow, and I cursed them loudly and heartily. Nicholas looked back.

'But fifteen yards of a swim, monsieur, and we are safe.'

'Not exactly. See there!'

The sergeant followed my outstretched blade, and swore too. Right before us two men galloped out of a strip of coppice that stretched to the water's edge and cut us off from the stream.

'*Sacrebleu!* How did they know that cut? Have at them, monsieur.'

And we did.

It had to be a matter of moments only. The troopers behind were coming on, and, if once they reached us, we could not well hope to escape again; the odds were too many. I did not, therefore, waste time, but went straight for my man, and, to do him justice, he seemed nothing loath to meet me. He cut over the shoulder, and, receiving this on my forte, I gave him the point in the centre of his breastplate, making it ring like a bell. Only a Milanese corselet could have saved him as it did. My nag went on, but turned on its haunches to the reins, and before he could well recover himself I was at him again, and discovered that he wore a demi-mask on his face.

'Monsieur, shall I prick your mask off before killing you?' I mocked, suiting the words to a thrust that all but effected the object, and ripped him on the cheek.

He was a good swordsman, but this made him beside himself with passion, and this frantic state, and the sound of his voice as he kept cursing me, told me that my opponent was none other

than Biron himself. Now came a serious difficulty, which I had to consider like lightning. Did I kill him, and he was an infant in my hands, there could be no hope for me—he was too great—too highly placed for me to have any chance if I compassed his death. Therefore, as I pressed him, I called out loud enough for him to hear, ‘Marshal, you are mad—go back—you are known to me.’

He thrust at me for answer; but I could stand no more nonsense, and, getting within his guard, struck him off his horse with a blow from the hilt of my sword, and, wasting not a second more on him, turned to the assistance of Nicholas.

It was much needed, for the sergeant’s opponent was none other than de Gomeron himself, who had remounted after his fall, and, by cutting off a corner, intercepted us, almost with complete success. How Nicholas held his own against this finished swordsman for even so long a period as a half-minute I am unable to say. It was doubtless due to the strength of his bitter hatred, and his fury for revenge. Even as it was, I was too late. As I dashed towards him, Nicholas fairly screamed out :

‘Leave him to me—he is—a—ah!’

He never finished, for de Gomeron saw his chance and passed his sword through the sergeant’s throat, and he fell limply from Couronne a dead man.

Before, however, the free-lance could recover himself I was on him, and, standing in my stirrups, cut at him with the full swing of my sword. He parried like lightning, but the force of the blow beat down his guard, and although my blade fell flat upon his steel cap, he went down like an ox.

Poor Nicholas was gone! I knew that thrust, and once received there was nothing for it but masses for the soul. A half-dozen troopers were not two hundred yards away, and life lay on the other side of the Eure. I went straight on, and jumped my horse into the stream. It was running high and deep, and as I fell into the water with a splash and hiss of white foam around me, I heard another heavy plunge close to my shoulder, and, in the glance I cast towards the sound, saw that it was the now riderless Couronne, who had followed her companion of the night. To ease the horse, I slipped from the saddle, and, hanging on to the pommel, was towed along by him as the good beast breasted the stream bravely. *Pardieu!* How the yellow water grumbled and foamed and bubbled around us. The current set towards the opposite bank, and the force of it carried us down, it seemed in a

moment, fully fifty yards from the spot where we had plunged in, to within a few feet of the opposite shore. Here, however, the river ran strong and swiftly, the bank was high, and the horses could make no headway, but kept drifting down. By this time the troopers had reached the scene of the fight, and I could hear them howling with anger as they gathered around their fallen leaders, and, without a head to guide them, hesitated what to do, each moment of delay giving me precious time, and bringing me closer to a shelving bank a few yards to the left. Not one of the troopers dared the stream, and they had apparently emptied their arquebuses after us in pursuit, for none fired, although they called to each other, 'Shoot him down—shoot him down!'

A couple of men galloped down stream a little below me, and, dismounting, began to load hurriedly, it being evidently their intention to pick me off as I drifted past. For the moment I gave myself up for lost; but, determining to make a last effort to save myself, made a snatch at the willows that overhung the bank and brushed us with their wet and dripping leaves as we struggled underneath. As I did this, I loosed my hold of the saddle, and the horses slid past me, and I was dragged by the current right into the bank. The willows were tough, and I held on to them like a leech, and the troopers, who had seen what I was about, began to laugh at me, and adjure me to hold on tight, as they would be ready to shoot in a moment. The fools! They gave me the moment's time I wanted, and, digging my boot into the soft bank, I laid hold of the stem of a willow and with an effort reached the shore. I rolled over at full length, and then lay flat on my face, whilst the troopers with many curses ran forward a few feet and let off their arquebuses, on the off chance of bringing me down. They aimed truly enough, and had I not lain to earth as I did, I should infallibly have been killed, for the bullets whizzed past, it seemed, but a few inches above me. I let out a yell as if I was mortally hurt, and then rising, ran down stream behind the willows as fast as my bruised leg would allow me, to see if I could not get back one or both the horses. My stratagem had the desired effect, for on my cry of 'I am dead—I am dead!' two others of the men who had run up let off their pieces where I was supposed to be, and they all shouted, 'We have him! he is down.'

'*Morbleu!* Not yet,' I could hardly refrain from chuckling to myself, as I hobbled along the bank, and to my joy saw them in a little bay, about a hundred paces from me, moving slowly in

the shallow water, one behind the other, towards the land. A spur had been thrown out here, evidently with the object of protecting the bank, and it had cast the main stream on the opposite shore, and given the beasts a chance of landing.

I felt my leg at each step I took ; but went on at a round pace somehow, and came up to Couronne just as she was stepping out of the water. Catching her by the bridle, I mounted, although with some difficulty, and slipping my hands through the reins of my own nag, trotted off under cover of the trees, leaving M. de Gomeron, who had doubtless recovered by this time, and his men to make a target of the darkness. I had come through somehow, but I was sick and sore at heart, as I urged Couronne from a trot to a gallop, when I thought of poor Nicholas lying dead by the banks of the Eure.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSIEUR DE PREAULX.

I KEPT off the road as far as possible to avoid being tracked. Even if no further attempt to follow me was made to-night, which was uncertain, as de Gomeron was not the man to let the barest chance slip through his fingers, yet there was no doubt as to what would happen on the morrow. I congratulated myself on having crippled the last of the sleuthhounds, as my gentlemen would be placed thereby in a difficulty in regard to my route, and if they scoured the country in twos and threes, I felt confident of being able, with Jacques' aid, to give a good account of myself did we meet, despite my bruised leg, which reminded me of itself unpleasantly.

As I patted Couronne's neck I thought of Nicholas, and with the memory of him the face of Marie came up. I felt myself in a measure responsible for his death, and was resolved to weigh out in full to Marie the payment I had promised them both. It was a debt I would discharge to the end of the measure.

A sense of relief came to my mind with this resolve, and, as Rouvres could not be far distant, I slackened pace to let the horses breathe a trifle, and began to hastily plan my future course of action on reaching Paris. I had not only discovered what was evidently a deep and widely spread plot, but had also

stumbled on the dreadful secret of the death of the woman who was to be Queen of France in name, as she was in reality. It was certain that she had been foully murdered. It was certain that the King's most trusted captain and many of his greatest nobles were hilt-deep in treachery—so much I knew. I had seen with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears, but beyond this I had no proofs—and what would my word weigh against theirs! Besides this there was my own trouble. D'Ayen's mocking warning was explicit enough when read with Palin's confidence, and any doubt I may have had on that point was almost set at rest by what I had overheard. In short, I was the rival of the King, and felt my head very loose upon my neck.

What was I to do? It was no easy matter to decide; but I came to the conclusion that my best course was to seek out the all-powerful Sully, tell him what I knew, and beg the help of that great man. I did not know him, except by repute; but my case was strong and my cause good. I would delay not a moment about this on reaching Paris; but it was Rouvres I had to come to first, and many a league lay for reflection between me and the Louvre.

So I jogged on, not quite certain of my way, and every now and again making a cast to find the road, for by riding parallel with it I knew I must reach my destination. Once, however, I lost myself for about an hour, and, on finding the road again, resolved to keep to it for the remainder of my journey, as the moon was rapidly waning, and that darkness which touches the edge of the morning was at hand.

At last I heard the Lauds chime solemnly out into the night, and in a few minutes pulled up the weary beasts before the gates of Rouvres. Here I found a difficulty I might have anticipated. The gates were shut, and the unpleasant prospect of a dreary wait of some hours lay before me. This was not to be borne, and I raised a clamour that might have awakened the dead. It had the desired effect of rousing the watch at the gate; a wicket was opened, the light of a lantern flashed through, and a gruff voice bade me begone.

'Open,' I roared, 'open in the King's name!'

'*Pardieu!* Monsieur, the gates are kept shut in the King's name, and his Majesty does not like his subjects' rest being disturbed,' answered another voice, and from its tone and inflection I guessed it was that of an officer.

'In that case, monsieur,' I said, 'let me in so that we may

both go to our beds, and a thousand apologies for disturbing you. My servant is already at the *Grand Cerf*, and one man cannot take Rouvres.'

'Then you are that M. de Preaulx of the Anjoumois, whose lackey Jacques Bisson arrived last night—for it is morning now?'

'You keep good watch, monsieur—who else should I be?' I said, with an inward 'thank heaven' at the accident that had discovered to me my new name.

There was no reply for a moment, though I heard some one laughing, and the rays of the light were cast to the right and to the left of me to see that I was really alone. Finally orders were given for my admission. The gates went open with a creaking, and I was within Rouvres.

As I rode in I stopped to thank the officer for his courtesy, and the light being very clear, he observed my condition, and exclaimed, '*Diable!* But you have ridden far, monsieur, and with a led horse too!'

'I ride in the King's name, monsieur,' I replied a little coldly, and, thanking him once more, was seized with an inspiration, and begged the favour of his company at dinner at the *Grand Cerf*.

'With pleasure, monsieur. Permit me to introduce myself. I am the Chevalier d'Aubusson, lieutenant of M. de Sancy's company of ordonnance.'

I raised my hat in response: 'His Majesty has no braver sword than M. de Sancy. At twelve then, monsieur, I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again; good night, or rather good morning!'

'Adieu!' he answered, 'I will be punctual. The *Grand Cerf* is but a couple of hundred toises to your right.'

As I rode up the narrow and ill-paved street I heard d'Aubusson whistling a catch as he turned into the guard-room, and congratulated myself on my stratagem and the luck that had befriended it. I knew enough of court intrigue to be aware that de Sancy and the Marshal were at each other's throats, and that I could therefore always get protection here by declaring myself against Biron. Then came a short turn to the right, and Monsieur de Preaulx of the Anjoumois was at the door of the *Grand Cerf*. It opened to my knock, and Jacques, faithful knave, was in waiting. After this there followed the usual little delay and bustle consequent on a new arrival.

As I dismounted Jacques whispered in my ear, 'You are M. de Preaulx of Saumur in the Anjoumois, monsieur.'

'So M. d'Aubusson tells me,' I replied in the same tone, and then louder, 'but you might have made a mess of it, Jacques—however, you meant well, and I owe you five crowns for your good intentions. Now call mine host, and tell him to show me to my rooms whilst you see to the horses.'

Mine host was already there, in slippered feet, with a long candle in one hand and a cup of warmed Romanée in the other. He led the way with many bows, and I limped after him to a room which was large and comfortable enough.

'Here is some mulled Romanée for monsieur le baron,' he said, as he handed me the goblet; 'his lordship the count will observe that the best room has been kept for him, and later on I will have the pleasure of setting the finest dinner in France before the most noble marquis; good night, monseigneur, good night and good dreams,' and he tottered off, leaving me to drink the mulled wine, which was superb, and to sleep the sleep of the utterly weary.

It was late when I awoke and found Jacques in my room, attending to my things. The rest had done my leg good, although it was still stiff, and the wearing of a long boot painful. As I finished my toilet I asked my man——

'Horses ready?'

'They will be by the time Monsieur has dined. I shall put the valises on the nag we got at Evreux for you.'

'Right. *Morbleu!* I hear M. d'Aubusson below. It is very late.'

'It has just gone the dinner hour.'

I hurried downstairs, leaving Jacques to pack, and was only just in time to receive my guest.

'A hundred pardons, monsieur; but I overslept myself.'

'Tis a sleepy place,' he answered, 'there is nothing to do but to sleep.'

'Surely there is something to love.'

'Not a decent ankle under a petticoat.'

'At any rate we can eat. Come, sit you down. My ride has made me hungry as a wolf, and I have far to go.'

The dinner was excellent, the Armagnac of the finest vintage, and d'Aubusson to all appearances a gay frank-hearted fellow, and we became very friendly as the wine cup passed.

'Tell me what induced M. de Sancy to quarter his company here?' I asked towards the close of the meal, as the lieutenant was cursing his luck at being stationed at Rouvres.

He burst out laughing: 'Oh! M. de Sancy has a government and five thousand livres a year to maintain his company, and being a pious soul has enlisted all the saints, and keeps them as far as possible from the temptations of Paris.'

'Enlisted the saints!'

'Yes—this Armagnac is excellent—yes, the saints. Our gentlemen are all from heaven—there is St. André, St. Vincent, St. Martin, St. Blaise, St. Loy, St. Pol, and half the calendar besides!'

'Ha! ha! the heavenly host.'

'Oh! I am proud, I assure you. I command the company from Paradise.'

'Or the gendarmes of the Kyrielle.'

'Noel! Noel!' he called out gaily, and as he did so we heard a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, and a few moments afterwards the landlord ushered in two gentlemen. It took me but a glance to recognise in one the Italian Zamet, and in the other the Chevalier Lafin. It cost me an effort to compose myself, so much was I startled; but I comforted myself with the assurance that I was unknown to them, and that an arrest would be no easy matter with Sancy's company at hand. Beyond bowing to us, however, as they passed, they took no further notice of me for the present, and contented themselves with ordering some wine, and conversing in low tones at the table at which they sat.

Nevertheless, it was a piece of ill luck. These men were evidently back on their way to Paris, and by coming through Rouvres had stumbled upon me in such a manner as to hold me at serious disadvantage. My one consolation was that Zamet did not look like a fighting man, and as for the other, there was an equal chance for each of us; but I had no idea what their force might be outside. It turned out that it was very small, and it was owing to this that the incident I am about to describe ended so peacefully. A look or two in our direction appeared to indicate that the new arrivals were discussing us, and my doubts were soon set at rest by a lackey entering and holding a brief whispered talk with Zamet. He dismissed the man quietly, and then bending forward said something to Lafin, and both, rising, approached us.

'Monsieur will pardon me,' said Zamet, addressing me with his lisping Italian accent, 'but I understand that you entered Rouvres late last night.'

'Yes,' I answered, whilst d'Aubusson raised his eyebrows and leaned back in his chair, twirling his moustache.

'Then would you be so kind as to inform me, if you came by the road from Anet, whether you met a wounded horseman riding this way?'

'Before I answer any questions, will you be good enough to tell me who you are, gentlemen?'

'I am Zamet, Comptroller of the King's household,' replied the Italian.

'And I the Chevalier de Lafin, nephew and heir to the Vidame de Chartres.'

'I see no reason to reply to your question, messieurs, even if you are the persons you name.'

Zamet smiled slightly, with a meaning look towards Lafin, who burst out:

'Have a care, monsieur, remember I follow the Marshal duc de Biron.'

'Of Burgundy and La Bresse,' I added with a sneer, rising from my seat, my hand on my sword hilt.

'It is he,' exclaimed the Italian, and Lafin, who saw my movement, stepped back half a pace, not from fear, but to gain room to draw his weapon.

'My dear lieutenant,' and I turned to d'Aubusson, 'you complain that this is a dull place. We shall now have some relaxation. These gentlemen want a question answered, and I say certainly—I suggest the garden as a suitable place for our conference. Will you do me the favour to look on?'

'That will be slower than ever for me. If you will allow me to join you?'

'Delighted. You are my guest, and it will make us exactly two to two. Now, gentlemen, I will answer your question on the lawn.' Whilst we were speaking, some hurried words passed between Lafin and Zamet, and as I turned to them with my invitation the Italian answered:

'There was no offence meant, monsieur. We had business with the man from Anet,' he looked hard at me as he spoke, 'and at present we have not leisure to attend to you. We will, therefore, not intrude on you further. We but stay for a glass of wine, and then press onwards.'

'Hum!' exclaimed d'Aubusson, surveying him from head to bootheel, and then turning an equally contemptuous look at Lafin, 'you are very disobliging gentlemen.'

'This is not to be borne,' burst out Lafin. 'Come, sir——'
But Zamet again interposed.

'*Diavolo!* Chevalier, your courage is known. We will settle with these gentlemen another day—you forget. Will you risk all now?' His companion put back his half-drawn sword with a curse and a snap, and, turning on his heel, went to the other end of the room, followed by Zamet. There they drank their wine and departed, and an hour later I also started. D'Aubusson insisted on accompanying me part of the way with a couple of his saints, and, as we approached the Paris gate, we observed a man riding slowly, a little ahead of us. 'I recognise the grey,' said Jacques, coming to my side. 'Monsieur, that is one of the three servants the two gentlemen who have gone before had with them.'

This small force accounted, as I have said, for the moderation Zamet had shown; but it flashed upon me that the lackey had been left behind for no other purpose than that of observing our route. Even if I was wrong in this surmise it was well to be prudent, and turning to d'Aubusson I said:

'Monsieur, I wish to be frank with you. It is true that I am bearing news to Paris which will be of the greatest service to the King; but my name is not de Preaulx.'

'I know that,' he said quietly, 'I am of the Anjoumois, and there is no such name there.'

'And you did not arrest me?'

'Why the devil should I? The land is at peace, and I have been Monsieur "I-don't-know-what" before now myself. Besides, you were in my hands at the *Grand Cerf*. You are in my hands now. But I wanted to know more, and when I saw that you were an object of M. Zamet's attentions I knew you were on our side.'

'Exactly so, and I owe you much for this. There is another favour I would ask.'

'And it is?'

'That you stop the man riding ahead of us until this evening.'

'As it will annoy Zamet, I shall do so with pleasure. I had half a mind to stop the shoemaker himself.'

With this allusion to Zamet's ignoble origin he turned and gave a short order to his men. As we came up to the gate the man before us slackened pace so as to let us pass, with the obvious intention, so I thought, of following me at his convenience. He had hardly pulled rein when the two saints closed in, one on each side of him, and in a trice he was in their hands. He protested violently, as might have been expected, but in vain, and we waited until he was well out of sight on his way to the guard-room.

At the gate we asked which way Zamet and his party had gone.

'By Tacoignieres, messieurs,' answered the sentinel.

'Then my way is by Septeuil,' I said. 'I owe you a long debt, M. d'Aubusson, and will repay. We shall meet again.'

'*Pardieu!* I hope so—and you dine with me at More's.'

'Or where you will—adieu.'

'A good journey.'

And with a parting wave of my hand I turned Couronne's head, and galloped off, followed by Jacques.

(*To be continued.*)

Anne Murray.

A ROYALIST LADY. 1622-1699.

IN one of the modest brown volumes of the Camden Society, which contain so much of the raw material of history, a fragment of autobiography has been preserved, written by Anne Murray, when in her calm and devout old age she looked back upon the stormy scenes of her girlhood. Mr. Nichols, the editor of her papers, calls her 'the Miss Nightingale of her time,' and although this seems a wholly exaggerated estimate, they had kindred tastes, and, in nursing the wounded after the battle of Dunbar, Anne Murray displayed on a small scale some of the qualities of head and heart which have made Florence Nightingale illustrious.

In happy days Anne Murray was the liveliest and most charming of companions, and there was a reserve of strength about her which inspired even strangers with an instinctive reliance upon her courage and self-control in times of distress and danger. Attached by the closest ties to the Court of Henrietta Maria, and worshipping the Royal Family with a devotion which a colder age would deem rank idolatry, she was brought up as strictly as any Puritan maiden. She was too earnest and simple for the elaborate flirtations and fantastic exchange of compliments in which many of her companions delighted; it was to her a matter of regret that the frank sisterly friendship she was ready to extend to men often called forth declarations of love to which she was unable to respond. By her own account she had not the smallest pretension to beauty, but her personal charm must have been great, for all men and most women who had to do with her became her devoted humble servants.

There was no hint of coming trouble when Anne Murray was born on January 4, 1622, into a family as happy and prosperous as any in England. Her father, Thomas Murray, was high in the

favour of King James, who had appointed him tutor to the little Prince Charles, aged five, while his friend Sir Adam Newton filled the same position in the household of Prince Henry. When the elder brother died, Mr. Murray's office became a more important one, and as the young Prince grew up he merged his duties as tutor in those of a trusted secretary. Strongly Protestant in his sympathies, he incurred the King's displeasure for his supposed hostility to the Spanish match, and was actually sent to the Tower; but his master, anxious to compensate him for a moment's fretfulness, gave him some months later the coveted post of Provost of Eton College. There he entertained the magnificent Buckingham, and enjoyed the friendship of the foremost men of the time—scholars, poets, and divines; in the midst of his busy and useful life he died from the effects of a surgical operation, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His widow removed to a house in St. Martin's Lane, her youngest child Anne being still an infant. Mistress Jane Murray, a Drummond by birth, claiming kinship with the Earls of Perth, had inherited from her fighting ancestors a masterful spirit, and so tough a Scotch will that she must have been landed in hopeless obstinacy but for a clearness of intellect which left her open to argument. She had a fortune of her own, and, as Anne gratefully records, she spared no expense in her children's education: 'My mother paid masters for teaching my sister and mee to write, speake French, play on the lute and virginalls and dance, and kept a gentlewoman to teach us all kinds of needlework, which shews I was not brought up in an idle life, . . . but my mother's greatest care was to instruct us from our infancy to begin and end the day with prayer, and orderly every morning to read the Bible and ever to keepe the church as often as there was occasion to meet there, either for prayers or preaching. So that for many years together, I was seldom or never absent from divine service at 5 a'clocke in the morning in summer, and 6 a'clocke in the winter till the usurped power putt a restraint to that publicke worship so long owned and continued in the Church of England; where I bless God, I had my education and the example of a good Mother, who kept constantt to her owne parish church, and had always a great respect for the ministers under whose charge shee was . . . to whom I was so observant that as long as shee lived I doe nott remember that I made a visitt to the nearest neibour or went anywhere withoutt her liberty.' Anne's brothers, Charles and William, were taken into King Charles's service; her eldest

sister married Sir Henry Newton, son of old Sir Adam; and her mother was twice entrusted with the charge of the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth 'by the Queenes' Majestie,' first when Henrietta Maria took the young Princess Royal to Holland, and later when their governess died, 'the Countess of Roxbery (who owned my mother for cousin).' The Murray girls naturally mixed in the best society of the day; when any of their Scottish friends or kinsmen had a suit to urge, or a service to render at Court, they were made cordially welcome under Mrs. Murray's roof, and Anne thus formed friendships which proved invaluable to her in later times. Her sister Lady Newton's beautiful home at Charlton, near Woolwich, was always open to her, and when there her constant 'friend and bedfellow' was a namesake, the daughter of Lord Howard; indeed the girls were 'seldome asunder att London.' Anne, as already mentioned, was singularly discreet and grave in manner. She says of herself, 'though I loved entertainments and to walk in the Spring Gardens (before it grew something scandalous by the abuse of some) yett I cannot remember three times that ever I wentt with any man besides my brothers; and if I did my sisters or others better than myselfe was with me.' Having heard some fine gentlemen 'telling what ladys they had waited on to plays, and how much it had cost them, I resolved none should say the same of me; and I was the first that proposed and practised itt, for three or four of us going together without any man, and each one paying for herself by giving the money to the footman who waited on us, and he gave itt in the playhouse.'

This reserve was naturally relaxed in favour of her friend's brother, Thomas Howard, 'lately come out of France,' with whom she enjoyed six months of pleasant and intimate companionship. The Civil War had broken out by this time; her brother-in-law, Sir Henry Newton, 'had been long from home in attendance on the King for whose service hee had raised a troope of horse upon his own expense, for which his estate was sequestred,' and with much difficulty Lady Newton had got liberty to live in her own house on a fifth part of their income. My Lord Howard had been so obliging to Mrs. Murray, as to use his interest with the Parliament to prevent the ruin of her son's house and kin, and she knew that he had set his heart on a marriage for his son and heir, 'with a rich citizen's daughter, not being able to provide him with an adequate fortune unless he should ruin his younger children.'

Anne's friends already guessed that 'there would be something

more than ordinary betwixt her and Mr. Howard, which they judged from her great friendship with his sister,' but to herself it was a painful surprise when Mr. Howard, failing in his attempts to see her alone, sent 'a young gentleman to tell her how much hee had endeavoured to smother his passion which began the first time that ever hee saw her, and now was come to that height that if she did not give him some hopes of favour, he was resolved to goe again into France and turn Capucin.' Anne received the envoy coldly, conjured him to remind Mr. Howard of his duty to his father, and to represent to him 'the severall disadvantages of such a design;' but her good counsel prevailed not. He grew so ill and discontented that all the house took notice of it, and at last she was persuaded so far as to give him liberty one day when she was walking in the gallery, to come there and speak to her. To the end of her life every detail of that meeting was impressed upon her memory. 'What he said was handsome and shortt, butt much disordered, for hee looked pale as death, and his hand trembled when he took mine to lead mee, and with a great sigh said, "If I loved you less I could say more."' Anne repeated her former arguments, and 'after that,' she writes, 'hee sought and I shunned all oportunitys of private discourse with him.' But they constantly met, in that sweet old-fashioned garden at Charlton, with its 'prospect of city, river, ships, meadows, hill, woods, and all other amenities,' which Evelyn held to be 'one of the most noble in the world.' And on a sunny afternoon Tom Howard and his friend, meeting the two Annes in one of its pleached alleys, the friend took Anne Howard 'by the hand, and led her into another walk, and left him and I together.'

This was the first of many passionate interviews her lover forced upon her, alarming her conscience with the renewed threat, that if she persisted in her refusal he would turn monk, 'to put himselfe outt of a capacity to marry any other.' Perhaps duty rather than inclination forbade her to yield, and she felt 'religion a tye upon her to endeavour the prevention of the hazard of his soul.' Howard was so confident of winning her consent to a private wedding, that at last he 'provided a ring and a minister to marry them.' Anne could not fail to be touched with his devotion, but she was not to be hurried into any step her conscience disapproved. She could never, she said, expect God's blessing upon a marriage undertaken without his father's and her mother's consent, but he extorted from her the confession that such consent obtained, she might be not unwilling to give him the

satisfaction he desired. So there was nothing left but to acquaint my Lord Howard and Madam Murray with his passionate desires. A storm burst in both households, but Lord Howard was the first to be pacified, and so much did Anne's character win his respect, that he himself interceded for Tom, for whom 'he did offer to do the utmost his condition would allow of him if Anne's mother would let her take her hazard with his son.' But the old lady was inflexible. With a ruthless impartiality she pronounced the match unworthy a family she so much honoured, she would rather see her daughter buried. It should never be said 'that it was begun with her allowance,' and so she brought my lord round to agree with her in opposing the marriage with all possible severity. Howard sent Anne a humble petition that she would grant him a last interview, and taking her sister with her, she went down into the room where he awaited her.

Anne was evidently affected to see him 'so overcome with grief,' and the sister who had come to admire her firm and final dismissal of her lover, heard to her alarm what sounded more like vows of undying constancy. 'Though duty oblige mee *not* to marry without my mother's consent,' Anne was saying, 'it would not tye me to marry without my own, and as long as you are constant you will never find a change in me.' The sister rose in displeasure, saying she was made a witness of resolutions to continue what she had expected them both to lay aside. 'O Madam,' said he like any proper tragedy hero, 'can you imagine I love att that rate, as to have itt shaken with any storm? Noe, were I secure your sister would not suffer in my absence by her mother's severity, I would not care what misery I were exposed to, butt to think I should be the occasion of trouble to the person in the earth that I love most is insupportable, and with that he fell down in a chair that was behind him, but as one without all sense.' After some last words, 'which never were the last,' the sisters retired together, not daring to let their mother know what had passed; a few days later my Lord Howard wrote to Madam Murray informing her that his son was going to France, but that before he sailed he made it his humble request, that she would allow him to take leave of her daughter, a request which my lord, being a man, deemed 'a satisfaction which could not be denyed him.' The mother consented on condition that she should be a witness of all their converse, which so alarmed Tom Howard that he hastily 'seemed to lay all desire of it aside.'

Among the household in St. Martin's Lane were three trusted

servants named Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, 'none of whom were either related or acquainted together till they met there;' these Madam Murray employed to watch every entrance to the house and to guard her daughter. Anne, whose conduct had been so honourable and straightforward, felt her mother's want of confidence acutely; she was aware that she was being watched, and that even her little nephew, who trotted after her so persistently, was acting under orders not to lose sight of her. Miriam slept in her bed-chamber, and Moses was sent to my lord's house in the evening, to find out whether his son had actually left the town. He returned with a letter from Lord Howard stating 'Mr. Thomas started with his governor by early post to Deepe and thence to France.'

Madam Murray felt much relieved, but, alas! all these Biblical personages were on Anne's side, and her mother's back was hardly turned when Miriam said breathlessly in her ear, that Mr. Howard was walking up and down before the gate, having ridden all day about the country waiting for the gloaming, that he might have one word; in agitated whispers the maid described his haste and the risks he ran, and urged her to slip out for one moment to the gate; Anne took a step forward when a shrill child's voice cried out, 'O, my aunt is going,' and suddenly recollecting herself she sent Miriam with a message, and paced the hall till she should return. Miriam was long delayed and returned in 'great disorder,' crying out, 'I believe you are the most unfortunate person living, for I think Mr. Howard is killed.'

Then she told how as she was speaking with him at the gate, there came a fellow with a great club behind him and struck him down dead, while others seized upon his governor and his manservant.

The next news was that Moses had arrived upon the scene, had recognised the assailant as a tenant of Sir Henry Newton's, who farmed his land for the Parliament, acted the spy on his own account, and thought he had happened upon a cavalier plot, as he watched the furtive movements of the young gallant. Being soundly rated by Moses, he was glad to make his escape, while Moses and his man carried Howard into an alehouse hard by and laid him upon a bed. Here he revived and found himself not hurt, 'only stonished with the blow.' Madam Murray, all unconscious of the bustle outside her gate, retired to bed with her elder daughter on the other side of the house; and then at last Anne consented to meet her lover, tying a bandage over her eyes that

she might not see him, according to her promise; and by her desire his governor, Moses, and Miriam were present, who were, however, so civil, as to retire to such a distance that they could hear nothing.

Her previous resolution was unshaken, but she felt convinced that if they remained constant to each other nothing could prevent their ultimate reunion; and then at last Mr. Thomas and his long-suffering governor took their departure.

A sad time followed for Anne Murray. She had dismissed her suitor rather than disobey her mother, she had 'noe unhandsome action to be ashamed of,' and yet her mother was so bitterly offended that she seemed to hate the very sight of her. Public misfortunes came to embitter private sorrows: their friends were ruined or driven into exile, the King's cause was becoming more and more desperate, and Anne in her depression debating in her own mind 'what life she could take to that was most innocent, wrote to a kinsman, Sir Patrick Drummond,' who was 'Conservator in Holland,' to inquire upon what conditions she could enter into a nunnery, she had heard of in Holland, for those of the Protestant religion. She was happily saved from a life so little suited to her. Sir Patrick, a wise and honest gentleman, wrote to his cousin, Mrs. Murray, so earnest and reasonable a letter, that she was convinced of her injustice, and after fourteen months of estrangement she received Anne into favour, and from that time 'used her more like a friend than a child.' Peace being restored at home, Anne resumed the study 'of physick and surgery,' which had always had a great attraction for her; she perfected herself in the art of nursing as then understood, and her devoted care of the sick and the efficacy of her domestic remedies became known beyond the circle of her private friends.

She worked under the best physicians, and cultivated their personal friendship so successfully, that 'they did not think themselves slighted' when their patients, 'even persons of the greatest quality,' were wont to seek Anne Murray's aid in their distempers.

Some two years later Tom Howard returned to England under the influence of that masterful woman the Countess of Banbury, who, as Lord Howard's sister, felt herself responsible for the interests of the family. He sent some deprecatory messages to Anne of his unalterable affection, and begged her to trust him whatever rumours she might hear to the contrary, but he made no serious attempts to see her. At the end of July 1646, Anne heard from a friend of her own that he had been privately married

a week before to Lady Elizabeth Mordaunt, daughter of the Earl of Peterborough, and that my Lord Howard was much discontented with the match. Anne was overcome for the moment; she had opened the letter in her sister's room, and flinging herself down on the bed she exclaimed: 'Is this the man for whom I have suffered so much?' but feeling that he was unworthy of her love, she held him unworthy of 'her anger or concern,' and gathering herself together she went down to supper with her usual dignified composure. But the household was not to be thus appeased. Miriam relieved herself by pouring out Old Testament curses on the head of the bride, who, after all, was the least to blame. Anne derived a little feminine satisfaction from the fact that Lady Elizabeth was admittedly very plain, but she was magnanimous enough to be sincerely grieved when the marriage turned out an unhappy one, and it became 'too well known, how soon they lost the satisfaction they had in one another.'

This event deepened Anne's natural seriousness; she spent much time in devotion, and 'searched for knowledge as for hidden treasure,' but it was said of her that 'her piety had nothing of moroseness or affectation, but was free and ingenuous, full of sweetness and gentleness; her gravity had a grace and air so taking and agreeable as begot both reverence and love.'

As Mrs. Murray's health declined, Anne made it the first object of her life to give her 'all the spiritual and bodily help she was capable to afford. This made a very comfortable and endearing impression upon her dying mother, and filled her heart with joy, not only with her daughter's tender affection but with the refreshing fruits of her piety and devotion. She died the 28th August, 1647, and was buried near her husband in the Savoy Church.' Charles Murray and his wife offered Anne a home, and she and her maid lived with them for about a year. Sir Henry Newton and her sister spent their time chiefly in France with Sir Ralph Verney and other English exiles, and many of his brightly written letters are amongst the MSS. at Claydon House. Anne devoted herself to the service of the distressed Royalists, and was passionately desirous of assisting his Sacred Majesty, for whom her sympathy knew no bounds. In this connection she often met with Colonel Bampfield, a rough soldier, who was employed in London on the secret service of the King. Anne's discretion and readiness of resource were well known, and when the King was anxious that his second son should be stolen away out of the custody of the Earl of Northumberland, he expressly approved of Colonel Bamp-

field's desire to entrust Anne Murray with a part of the scheme. The difficulties were considerable, but the King constantly urged that an attempt should be made. 'I looke upon James' escape,' he wrote, 'as Charles' preservation, and nothing can content me more.'

Anne managed to get from the boy's attendants, 'his length and the bigness of his wast,' which she took to a tailor, ordering a dress for a young gentlewoman of 'mixed mohaire of a light haire colour and black, and the under petticoate of scarlett.' The tailor considered the measures a long time, and said 'he had made many gownes and suites in his life, but had never seene a woman of so low a stature have so big a waist.' Princess Elizabeth and her two little brothers were accustomed to play hide and seek in the Earl of Northumberland's garden after supper, and the Duke of York would hide himself so well they were often half an hour in finding him. One evening in April 1648, a message had been sent to him to run off and hide at the garden gate. Colonel Bampffield was waiting for him with a coach; he was hurriedly driven down to the river, and rowed to a private house, where Anne Murray waited with the faithful Miriam in an agony of anxiety, for the hour appointed was already past. At last she heard steps on the stairs; the excited boy rushed in and threw himself into her arms, crying out, 'Quickly, quickly dress me.' There was a great bustle while Anne changed his clothes, stuffing him with dainties all the while, and delighted to see how well his gown fitted, and what a pretty little girl he made. She thrust 'a Wood Street cake,' which she knew he loved, into his hand to eat in the barge, and saw them vanish into the darkness with a beating heart. This enterprise having proved successful, she had many more interviews with Colonel Bampffield 'as long as there was any possibility of conveying letters secretly to the King,' and their common loyalty laid the foundation of an intimate friendship. Colonel Bampffield's wife had violently espoused the side of the Parliament; she was therefore necessarily left in ignorance of his present employment, and went to live with her own family. One day, when they had met as usual on the King's business, he told her that a solicitor of repute, who lived 'hard by where his wife dwelt, had brought him word shee was dead, and named the day and place where she was buried;' Anne thought that his grief at the news was not excessive.

After a decent interval, during which they had continued to meet frequently, he ventured to speak to her of his deep attach-

ment, and asked her in marriage. Anne believing him to be 'of devout life and conversation as he was unquestionably loyal, handsome, and a good skolar, thought herself as secure from ill in his company as in a sanctuary.' She consented to an engagement, refusing, however, to think of marriage till the King's fate should be determined. She looked back to the weeks that followed as to some horrible dream; she loved to connect the King's piety, patience, and constancy in suffering with the early religious training he had received from her father, and to her his execution was 'the greatest murder committed that ever story mentioned, except the Crucifying of our Saviour.'

That none should have 'made resistance but with sighs and tears,' when the deed was done publicly, 'before his own gates, by a handful of people,' filled her with shame and indignation; the Royalists were scattered and Colonel Bampffield was in hiding. A few months later her brother William, who was in attendance on the exiled Royal Family in France, was the victim of a wretched little political intrigue, and Charles II., while acknowledging his innocence, banished him from his Court with the shabby excuse that he feared to 'disoblige those persons whose service was most useful to him.' William Murray in disgust and wrath returned to England, and was kindly received at Cobham by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, 'but nothing could free him of the great melancholy he took, he would steal from the company and going into the wood, lye many hours together upon the ground, where catching cold and that mixing with discontented humours, it turned to a fever.' Anne nursed him devotedly but could not save his life; he died as a Christian and without a complaint, 'but once he said—Were I to live a thousand years I would never set my foot within a court again, for there is nothing in it but flattery and falsehood.'

Their old friend, Anne Howard, had married her cousin, Sir Charles Howard, afterwards the first Earl of Carlisle, and she now pressed Anne Murray to accompany them to Naworth Castle, where she was 'most obligeingly entertained.' As her spirits were beginning to revive, the weekly post brought her terrible news; one letter was from Colonel Bampffield, who was on the point of claiming her plighted word, announcing that he had been imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster, and could expect nothing but death; two others from her brother Charles and her sister, Lady Newton, 'his very severe, hers more compassionate,' told her she had been wickedly deceived by Colonel Bampffield,

for that his wife was undoubtedly alive. Anne refused to believe them, but the double blow was so crushing that she lay senseless for many hours, and seemed likely to die; she recovered at length by the use of one of her own cordials, and Colonel Bampffield effected his escape. He again positively asserted the fact of his wife's death, but the mystery was not cleared up.

Anne had suffered much under the religious *régime* of the Commonwealth. 'In fundamentalls both agree, Episcopall and Presbyterian,' she writes, with a tolerance unusual amongst Royalists, 'and yett none more violent than they one against another for the shadow, for such is the name of Bishop or Ceremonys in comparison of that truth which is the substance.' She deplores that even amongst members of the Church of England 'that cousttem is outt of use, of kneeling in the time of prayer, and that for the most part all the congregation sitts rather like judges or auditors than suppliants.' She herself kept up the pious traditions of her childhood, and it added much to her satisfaction at Naworth to find a chaplain in the house, an excellent preacher, who had service twice every Sunday in the chapel, and daily prayers morning and evening, 'and was had in such veneration by all as if hee had been their tutelar angel.'

To him she naturally turned for sympathy and counsel in her perplexities, 'imagining hee was a person fit to entrust with any disorder of the soul.' As time went on, however, the chaplain, seeing that Anne was encroaching upon his own peculiar as tutelary angel to the Carlisle family, determined to get rid of her. He began to make malicious suggestions to Lady Howard about her guest, and he insinuated to Anne that Sir Charles would have been the happiest man alive could he but have had the good fortune of securing her as his wife. The chaplain having no scope outside the household for the exercise of his energies, and being unfairly weighted by his own reputation for learning and sanctity, soon had another cause of complaint against Anne. There were two gentlewomen in the house, 'very young, hugely virtuous and innocent, bred up as Papists,' whom Sir Charles put under the chaplain's care to instruct them in Protestant principles. The 'discreet woman' who attended upon them was in great perplexity. She could not fail to know that his discourse with the elder maiden was not confined to theology, and she sought Anne's counsel as to her own duty in the matter. While Anne was pondering how best to put Lady Howard on her guard without injuring the chaplain, Lady Howard came to her room to consult

her on the same subject. 'Last night,' Lady Howard said, 'as she went out of the dining-room after dinner, she turned back, remembering that the girl had stayed behind, and looking thro' the cranny of the door, she saw the chaplain pull her to him, and with much kindness lay her head on his bosom.' Anne replied guardedly that this might be innocently done, but confessed it 'had been better undone;' and after much consultation, Anne, whose friends always expected her to draw the chestnuts out of the fire, agreed to speak to the chaplain, which she did with an honesty and discretion that admitted of no reply. After this there was no peace for Anne. Sir Charles, for whom she had the greatest regard, became 'more free in his converse,' as a protest against his wife's foolish jealousy, though Anne begged him 'to retrench his civility into more narrow bounds;' and Lady Howard 'grew to that height of strangeness' that Anne could not but be very sensible of it; and the chaplain nearly accomplished the triumph of the talebearer in separating chief friends. But Anne's good sense and frankness broke through the web of falsehood that had been woven round her. After months of silence her loyal appeal to her old friend met with a warm response, and the two women opened all their hearts to each other as they had done in girlish days. At the end of their long discourse, Sir Charles knocked at the door, and seeing their faces, he smiled and said, 'I hope you understand one another.' He then told his wife that he had heard of some moss-troopers plundering the country, that he was off at the head of his men to take them, therefore they must pray for him. And the women went hand in hand into the chapel, their faces radiant with the joy of their reconciliation.

Their changed manner and some plain words from Sir Charles, when he had disposed of his moss-troopers, threw the chaplain into 'such disorder that it was visible to the meanest in the house, tho' they knew not the reason of it.'

Anne long debated with herself whether she could receive the Sacrament at his hands, 'who had injured her beyond a possibility of being forgiven by any as a woman, yet as a christian she forgave him, and would not wrong herself by wanting that benefit.'

'The solemn time of their devotion over,' her friends redoubled their affection to her, but wishing to leave the husband and wife alone together, she craved their leave to depart. They tried to shake her resolution, but finding it fixed, they provided her generously with money, horses, and men, and Sir Charles appointed an old gentleman, a kinsman of his own, to escort her to Scotland.

At Edinburgh she was welcomed by the most influential Royalists and by many of her mother's old friends, not unmindful of hospitality received in St. Martin's Lane. When Charles II. landed in Scotland, and was royally entertained at Dumfermline, the Earl invited Anne Murray to meet him, saying none was fitter to entertain the King. He received her graciously, acknowledging the great services she had rendered to his brother and other members of his family, after which the young gentlemen of his train who had ignored this grave, gentle, and rather shabbily dressed lady, troubled her so much with their civility, that she dismissed them with some very caustic remarks. The whole party was full of joy and security, when the battle of Dunbar again crushed all their hopes. Lady Dumfermline was in delicate health, and Anne readily acceded to her request to accompany her in their hasty retreat to the north. The roads were encumbered with soldiers—some wounded, others so desperately faint and ill that they could hardly crawl. Anne, who had provided herself with plaisters, balsams, and dressings, was surrounded by them on reaching Kinross, and having relieved twenty sufferers, she soon had threescore. The noisome state of the wounds and the filth of their clothes was such that, as Anne tells us very simply, 'none was able to stay in the room, butt all left me.' While she was struggling to cut off the sleeve of a wounded man's doublet, 'scarce fit to be touched,' a gentleman came in accidentally, and seeing with astonishment the task she had undertaken, took the knife from her, cut off the sleeve, and flung it into the fire. When the ladies rejoined the Court again at St. Johnston, to Anne's surprise Lord Lorne came up to her and told her that her name had been often that day before the Council. The gentleman who had helped her with the dressing had given the King a graphic account of her devotion and of the soldiers' suffering, and Anne received the only reward she coveted when the Council ordered a place to be prepared in every town to receive the wounded, and 'appointed chirurgeons to have allowances for attending upon them.' Anne was able to render to her hostess in her husband's absence the most valuable services. Lord Dumfermline's house at Fyvie was filled with hostile English soldiers, and his lady 'was so disordered with fear of their insolence,' that with tears in her eyes she besought Anne to go down to them.

Anne (who was by her own account 'the greatest coward living') spent a moment in silent prayer and went boldly into the midst of the uproar. She was received in an outrageous fashion,

with the coarsest abuse and 'with pistols sett against her.' There was no gentleman amongst them to whom she could appeal, but her quick eye singled out a rough man who seemed the leader, and she told him that she knew perfectly they had no warrant from their officers to be uncivil, and standing there alone she told the soldiers that she was an Englishwoman, that she abhorred the name they gave her, that she was ashamed that any of the English nation, esteemed the most civil people in the world, should be so barbarously rude where they had been hospitably received; and with infinite scorn she asked them what they sought to gain 'by frightening a person of honour, with few but women and children in the house?'

There was perfect silence while Anne spoke, and then a clatter of pistols flung down on the table, and rough voices humbly promised her 'not to give the least disturbance to the meaneest of the family,' and they kept their word. For two years Anne remained at Fyvie, warmly cherished by the whole household, and much resorted to by sick and disabled soldiers from both armies. She refused none, but she tempered her ministrations to Cromwell's troopers with reflections on the sin of rebellion while she bound up their wounds.

Colonel Bampffield meanwhile had gone through many hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion crossing over to Holland with Sir Henry Newton, the latter was so incensed at the sight of him that he challenged him to fight as soon as they landed. Colonel Bampffield protested against a duel with the brother of 'the person he loved best in the world;' but on being forced to fight, he wounded Sir Henry, and sent his second to Anne to justify himself. After the battle of Worcester he was in Scotland busy in secret plans for Charles's return, and in correspondence with Anne's powerful friends.

Her own position was much changed when they met again. By her thirtieth year she had become famous in spite of herself, a woman beloved and trusted throughout Scotland, on intimate terms with the Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Earl of Roxborough, Sir Robert Murray, and many others, while the Earl and Countess of Dumfermline were bound to her by ties of the most grateful affection.

Amongst her constant visitors in her rooms at Edinburgh was Sir James Halkett, a widower with two sons and two daughters, on whose chivalrous friendship she had learnt to rely. She had been entirely faithful to Colonel Bampffield, and had accepted his

explanations, but the duel with her brother-in-law had pained her, and she could not fail to be influenced by the opinion of the first-rate men among whom she lived, who held him in but slight esteem. Sir James Halkett indeed showed him special kindness for her sake, as Anne, fearing that Sir James was taking more than ordinary trouble about her concerns, told him frankly of her engagement in order that there should be no mistake about their mutual relations; and in spite of herself the feeling grew upon her that she was compromising her name by allowing it to be associated with Bampffield's, and insensibly she became more reserved, and he less confident in his manner towards her.

Sir James Halkett understood the situation, and continued to serve her with the most respectful and unobtrusive courtesy. She had met at last with a heart as constant and unselfish as her own.

Some months later Sir James obtained indisputable proof that Mrs. Bampffield had reappeared in London, to contradict in person the repeated rumours of her death. He then waited upon Anne with more assiduity than ever, but though she had learnt to honour and trust him as her best friend, it was long before he could persuade her to grant him his heart's desire. Her self-respect had been wounded by Colonel Bampffield's treachery, and she felt bitterly as if her very engagement to him had rendered her unworthy to become the wife of a true man. She tried honestly but vainly to bring Sir James round to this opinion, but being at length convinced that his children, his family, and her own were all agreed in desiring the marriage, she consented to be made happy.

They lived for twenty years in the blessedness of a perfect union. Lady Halkett rejoiced in the Restoration, and imputed to Charles II. all the pious thoughts that filled her own heart on the occasion of his coronation.

Of her four children only one son, Robert, survived her. During her twenty-three years of widowhood she wrote treatises on religious subjects, and published many volumes of meditations and prayers, which had a considerable reputation in her own day.

She lived to see the downfall of the Stuarts, whom no loyalty could save from the results of their own folly, and gladly, in her seventy-seventh year, she passed from a world of changes to 'where beyond these voices there is peace.'

MARGARET M. VERNEY.

A Nineteenth-Century Craft-Gild.

'**A**T the east end of the Isle of Purbeck,' wrote Charles Kingsley, 'is a little semicircular bay, its northern horn formed by high cliffs of white chalk . . . the southern horn by the dark limestone beds of the Purbeck marble. A quaint old-world village slopes down to the water over green downs, quarried like some gigantic rabbit-burrow, with the huge workings of seven hundred years.'

Thus Charles Kingsley described the little port known at different periods as Swanwic, Sandwich, Swanwich, or Swanage, and the quarries which, before Portland stone and Kentish rag usurped a preference, supplied all the chief towns of southern England with paving and building stone.

Swanage, thanks to the advent of the railway and the excursion steamer, is, alas! no longer an 'old-world village.' But the aspect of the hills which form its southern background remains unchanged. There the toil of each successive generation has left its own indestructible memorial. From a distance the downs appear as though some gigantic earthworm had strewn the green turf with greyish castings. Nearer, those strange scars and seams prove to be the rubbish heaps and dividing barriers of pits. Some, long deserted, are closed by an overgrowth of briars and brambles. Others, the scene of present activity, are being worked by much the same means and methods as the quarries which supplied the hard stone known as 'burr' for the building of Corfe Castle.

The stretch of time which separates us from the days when the Norman conquerors built, or rebuilt, the great fortress commanding Poole harbour and the way to Wareham seems somehow to shrink in length after a walk over the breezy, ugly, closely pitted downs, and a talk with the people who live in and by and around these Purbeck-stone workings. The quarries are expressively described in an agricultural report of the last century as 'not open to the top, but under-mined and under-built.' They are, in

fact, like coal mines on a small scale; and not infrequently the uppermost workings are at a depth of 60 feet.¹ The merchantable stone lies in thin seams, divided by useless beds and layers of clay. Several different kinds of stone are worked in the same pit; or, to put the matter another way, three or four different quarries lie one under the other, with the clay beds for floors and ceilings. The size of the passages necessarily depends on the thickness of the seam of merchantable stone, and they are, consequently, often only 4 feet high. Owing to numerous transverse fissures in the seams, the stone is very easily worked, and the Purbeck quarryman's implements and machinery are of the simplest and most primitive description.

In the morning he goes down the quarry by a kind of rough stone staircase. Lighting a dip, he presses it into a lump of soft clay, and, crawling on hands and knees along the low passage where he works, he sticks his extemporised candlestick on to the damp wall beside him. The stone is easily wrenched out by the insertion of crowbars in the separating layers of clay. It is then dragged by ropes to a trolley running on a steep paved incline, and attached by a chain to a rudely hewn capstan at the pit mouth. Through a slot in the drum a pole, some 13 feet in length, is passed, and to it, when the trolley is to be drawn up or down, a donkey or mule is harnessed. A wall of unhewn stones forms an enclosure round the pit mouth; and here in the afternoon, sheltered by three-sided sheds of mortarless stone, roofed by thin flat slabs, the quarryman works with mallet and chisel on the stone he has dug in the morning. Here, too, are stacked the paving-stones, curbs, troughs, window-sills and sinks which are wrought and ready for the market.

It is rare to find more than three or four men, with a boy or two, in one quarry; and many quarries are worked on a sort of patriarchal system, the owner toiling with the assistance of sons, brothers, and kinsmen. Hired labour is kept within the limits of 'the quarry families,' no stranger from the world outside the Isle of Purbeck being ever permitted to work its stone or marble.

¹ The chief veins are:

1. The Lane and End Vein, containing three or four layers of useful stone, notably the *Roach*, about 7 inches thick, used for tombstones.

2. The Freestone. There are several varieties, which the miners call by fantastic names, *e.g.* Dun Cow and White Horse.

3. The Downs Vein cleaving into seven beds, and producing the best paving-stones.

4. The New Vein; also in seven beds. Below it gypsum is sometimes found. Good lime is made from the Downs Vein and Freestone. A limekiln is attached to several quarries.

Each quarry is the private property and venture of an independent owner; but each owner belongs to a society which strictly regulates the work and commerce of its members. And membership in that society is a privilege which birth can alone confer. Only the son of a quarryman can become a freeman in 'The Company of Marblers;' and only the man who 'has taken up his freedom,' or is looking forward to doing so at the end of his seven years' apprenticeship, may engage in the Purbeck stone trade.

This fundamental law of the company has necessarily had a strong isolating tendency. Before the middle of the present century there were few inter-marriages between the quarry families and the other inhabitants of the Isle of Purbeck, and the pitiable amount of lunacy among the 'marblers' told only too plainly of perpetual 'in-and-in breeding.' There were few inducements to marry 'out of the trade,' and many reasons against such a course of action. In the opening years of the present century and throughout the preceding one the 'marbler' was distinctly better off than his agricultural neighbour;¹ and the quarry maiden who wedded a Dorsetshire labourer exchanged comparative affluence for extreme poverty, while her children were of course excluded from her kinsman's trade. On the other hand, the rough, half-civilised marblers were not regarded as eligible sons-in-law by men who were their equals in wealth—small farmers, gardeners, or gamekeepers—and even the girls engaged in the then flourishing straw-plait industry in Swanage looked down with contempt upon the quarry youths. In short, the curious antagonism which so often divides the agricultural and mining sections of a community existed in a very marked degree, and helps to account for the marblers' isolation. That antagonism is yearly dying out—slain by primary education, facilities of travel, and the hundred other influences which are everywhere destroying class divisions, perpendicular and horizontal—but it is not dead. The writer a short time since deeply wounded the feelings of the youthful driver of a dilapidated basket-carriage by inquiring if his father was a quarryman. 'My

¹ The war-time, 1805 to 1812, was a prosperous time for the trade. The cliff quarries were then being worked, and the hardness and durability of the stone made it peculiarly valuable for fortifications. The old fortifications of Portsmouth were built of it. It fetched 12s. a ton. The Custom House book of Poole shows that between 1764 and 1771, at least 94,000 tons were shipped. Claridge, in his *General View of Agriculture in Dorset*, written 1793, declares that 50,000 tons are being shipped annually, the cost of freightage to London being 8s. 6d. per ton in time of war and 6s. 6d. in time of peace. Paving-stone was fetching 1l. 4s. per 100 square feet. Pitching-stone for streets, 5s. per ton at the pit-mouth.

father,' replied the lad, with injured dignity, 'works for Mr. X' (a well-known landowner), 'and I wouldn't belong to the quarries not for nothing.'

It has been conjectured that an actual racial difference may have formed a third barrier between the quarrymen and their neighbours. Fifty years ago there existed a distinct quarry type, under, rather than above, middle height, with dark skin, eyes, and hair. It is said by old inhabitants of the district, that words and phrases are still in use among the stoneworkers which are unknown in other parts of Dorset; while the surnames commonest among them—for example Chinchin, Phippard, and Bonfield—are thought to be of Norman origin. And, since the architectural history of the twelfth century 'affords unimpeachable evidence,' to quote the words of Dr. Cunningham, 'that a very large number of masons and builders must have followed in the wake of the Conqueror;' since, too, the ancient churches of the Isle of Purbeck offer us singularly perfect examples of Norman skill, the supposition that the Purbeck quarrymen are descendants of a colony of Norman stonemasons seems not altogether without foundation.

Supposition and inference, it must be sorrowfully admitted, rather than solid fact, meet the inquirer into the history of the quarrymen prior to the seventeenth century. Strange to say, even the precise date of the building of Corfe Castle is uncertain. But the structure itself at least bears silent witness to (1) the presence in the Isle of Purbeck of men who 'practised the arts as they were followed at Caen;' and (2) to the fact that these men used, not Caen stone, but the hard 'burr' quarried only on the hill-side, between the even then existing villages of Swanage and Langton. It would seem, however, either that these early Norman builders formed no permanent settlement, or that their skill was lost by the descendants; for we find King John despatching fifteen stonemasons to Corfe for the enlargement and repair of the Castle.

The early and close connection of the marblers with Corfe Castle is a third fact which every scattered scrap of evidence indisputably establishes. The quarrymen say their documents were destroyed in the fire which, in 1680, consumed the borough archives, and this explanation of their lack of a pedigree is in itself significant, while all other evidence is confirmed by their official title; for, though no quarryman now lives within some miles of the place, they still style themselves 'The Company of

*Marblers within the Town of Corfe Castle.*¹ Their annual meetings are still held in the Corfe Town Hall, and so strange and significant, so contrary to modern, so akin to mediæval usage are the customs and ceremonies observed on these occasions that we are compelled to make yet another supposition—a guess which is almost a certainty—and to assume that the marblers were formerly what they still call themselves, ‘a Company within the Town of Corfe Castle,’ and that the quarrymen at work on the Swanage downs to-day are descendants (literally *descendants*, owing to their fundamental regulation) of members of a Craft-Gild which created that town’s mediæval prosperity.

The general meeting of the company takes place annually, on Shrove Tuesday, and in connection with it an anecdote may be told illustrative of the quarrymen’s tenacious conservatism. The Town Hall was formerly entered by a small door opening into the churchyard. A few years since this door was walled up, in order to stop unnecessary traffic through the churchyard. The ‘company,’ however, resolutely refused to go in by the new front entrance, and commenced its Shrove Tuesday proceedings by effecting a breach in the wall at the spot hallowed by quarry tradition.

The main business of the Shrove Tuesday gathering is the registration of new apprentices and newly made ‘freemen.’ The young men who, having served their seven years’ novitiate, desire to ‘take up their freedom,’ appear each with a pot of beer and a *penny loaf*, specially baked for the occasion by the local baker, so that not even the letter of the old regulations may be infringed. The freemen then partake of the bread and ale provided by the new members, whose names are duly entered in the books of the company, on payment of the registration fee of 6*s.* 8*d.*—half a mark. The ‘freemen’ who have taken to themselves wives during the past year pay their ‘marriage shillings,’ in order to secure to their widows the right of taking apprentices to work for them. Officers are then elected, and the articles of the company are read aloud. In accordance with one of these articles, ‘the last married Freeman of the Company’ comes provided with a football and a pound of pepper, and when the meeting is over a football match is played between the marblers² and the china

¹ The town of *Corfe Castle*, I presume, in opposition to the village of *Corfe Mullen*. The town of Corfe Castle is obviously an instance of a colony forming under the protection of a fortress.

² The greater number of the inhabitants of Corfe work in the clay-pits. The ‘claymen’ exhibit much the same clannish spirit and suspicion of strangers as

claymen of Corfe. The football and the pepper are then carried by one of the quarrymen across the heath to the deserted quay at Ower. A century and a half has passed away since the once busy little port on Poole Harbour was forsaken in favour of Swanage, but the quarrymen have never failed to keep open their right of way, and manifest their conservative temper, by the annual delivery of the pepper and the football, customary dues paid from time immemorial to the lord of the manor. The bearer is in return refreshed with pancakes or bread and ale.

These Shrove-tide ceremonies are prescribed, or alluded to as already existing, in the articles which are recited at the meeting. Though too lengthy to be given *in extenso*, these articles are too interesting and significant to be passed over in silence, and readers able to consult Hutchins' *History of Dorset*, where they are printed in full, will find them worthy of attention.

The first of the ten forbids a quarry-owner to take a partner who is not a freeman of the trade, and authorises the occupation of any quarry which has lain unworked for more than a twelve-month and a day. It also inflicts a penalty on anyone mining 'within a hundred foot of his fellow tradesman's quarr.' In connection with this regulation an amusing anecdote is told. Two quarry-owners, whose greed was excited by a vein of peculiarly good quality, defied the prohibition. But neither guessed that his feelings were shared by his neighbour on the other side of the sound-deadening, but gradually thinning, partition. Suddenly, a fissure revealed to both men simultaneously the gleam of his neighbour's candle. Neither spoke, for before each rose the prospect of the 5*l.* fine imposed by the wardens of the trade for the breach of any article. Then each man caught up a lump of clay; affixed it to his own side of the tell-tale hole, and retired in silence.

The only two articles out of ten which have been rendered obsolete by circumstances are those which lay down the common

the marblers. About 50,000 tons of clay are shipped annually. Large quantities go to Staffordshire. There are traces of very ancient workings, and it is believed that the Roman pottery found in the county was made from this peculiarly pure and plastic clay. In connection with the football match we may notice a letter written May 31, 1647, by the Committee of Dorset, to Speaker Lenthall. It reports that 'in some parts of the county' there is much disaffection; the minds of men are 'exasperated against the Parliament'; 'suspicious weapons are being fashioned, and meetings have been held 'under pretence of playing football' (Tanner MSS.). There is of course nothing to show that the customs of the quarrymen are alluded to. But the Isle of Purbeck was hotly royalist, and only two years had gone by since the heroic defence of Corfe Castle by Lady Banks. It is certainly easy to imagine the sturdy conservative clay- and stone-workers fashioning suspicious weapons, and planning revolt against any new authorities.

gild restrictions concerning apprenticeship. The 'freedom of the trade' is still only granted after a seven years' apprenticeship, but residence in the master's house is no longer required; nor is any man now forbidden to take more than one apprentice at a time. The modern difficulty is to induce lads to serve their full term. 'Foreign' mothers, and the marked rise in the standard of comfort, are rapidly decreasing the number of the marblers. The younger generation refuses to go into a trade in which there is little scope for skilled labour, and little prospect of earning more than 3s. 6d. a day for many years; in which, too, the highest attainable positions, those of quarry-owner and 'merchant,' afford only a laboriously gained and precarious livelihood. The mother who is 'not of the trade' sends her Will or John to 'her relations,' or puts him 'into a shop in London,' or ships him to America; in fact, will do anything with him rather than see him settle down to the life of a Purbeck quarryman.

Other articles contain regulations and prohibitions characteristic of the commercial morality of the gild system, as also of the later phases of gild exclusiveness. The marbler is forbidden to trade save in his own name; to 'set a labourer to work,' namely a man who has not been apprenticed in the trade; to 'undercreep his fellow-tradesman, or take from him any bargain of work;' to keep an apprentice who has been 'a base liver,' or whose 'parents are of loose life,' or who is known to be 'base born'—clauses which obviously served the double purpose of maintaining the standard of personal morality within the trade and of shutting out from it anyone not strictly belonging to the select circle of the 'quarry families.' The infringement of one of these articles by a quarry-owner a few years ago caused great stir and indignation in the company. The 'base-born' apprentices were forcibly dismissed and the offender fined.

The last article declares that, 'if any of our company shall at any time reveal or make known the secrets of his company or any part of them, upon notice given and proof to be made, he shall pay for his default to the Wardens for the use and benefit of the Company 5*l*.' This regulation is, perhaps, responsible for the suspicion of strangers, the extreme reserve, the causeless mysteriousness, which are striking features of the quarrymen's character.

Those who are best acquainted with gild history will most readily recognise the significance of these Shrovetide customs, and the character of the document which enjoins them. The articles

which form the quarrymen's Statute Book are so obviously drawn up in accordance with the ideals and doctrines which regulated mediæval trade that to say they are still faithfully kept is tantamount to asserting that this little corner of Dorsetshire is fenced off from the great wrestling-ground of modern competition; or, to be more accurate and less figurative, that competition stops short at the body, and does not touch the individual members which compose it. The original of the forms circulated among the marblers is dated 'This Shrove Tuesday, being *their day of meeting*, and now the third day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and fifty-one;' but this phrase and the numerous references to 'our accustomed day of meeting,' or 'the Custom of our Company,' sufficiently prove that those seventeenth-century quarrymen did not come together for the first time to create a brand-new Trades Union, with rules evolved out of their inner consciousness. They were, in fact, reconstituting an old society, not inaugurating a new one. In this connection the quarry tradition of a 'charter' granted, some say in the fifteenth century, others by Queen Elizabeth, becomes of value. Of the grant of a royal charter in the strict sense of the word there is no trace, but ratifications of the company's articles may well have been made under the Statute 15 Hen. VI. c. 6, or under 19 Hen. VII. c. 7, which decreed that regulations having in time past been made by private bodies corporate in cities and boroughs, all such ordinances should for the future be submitted to the Chancellor, Treasurer of England, or Chief Justices of either benches, or to the Justices of Assize in their progress. Or, again, it is possible that the ordinances of a Corfe Castle Craft-Gild may have been ratified by Elizabeth, from whom the town of Corfe gained its charter of incorporation, with a grant of the same privileges as the Cinque Ports, and in whose reign many companies were organised which 'somewhat resembled, and *occasionally really continued*, the old Craft-Gilds.' We believe that 'the Company of Marblers within the town of Corfe Castle' belongs to the latter class.

In the thirteenth century we find the town of Corfe Castle important by reason of its trade in marble. The ancestors of the Purbeck quarrymen were strictly what their official designation declares them to be. The marble seam forms the uppermost strata of the Purbeck beds, and is easily obtained by 'open ridding;' and from the disused workings which honeycomb the trough in the downs between Corfe Castle and the Limestone Coast Hills

¹ Cunningham's *English Industry and Commerce*, vol. ii.

marble, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, was sent all over England—to the Tower of London, the Church at Westminster, to the Priory at Christchurch, to Salisbury¹ and Worcester and Winchester, and even to Lincoln.

From a trade agreement of the fifteenth century we derive some idea of the Purbeck marblers' skill and reputation at that period. In volume ii. of Dugdale's *Warwickshire* is given the text of a covenant by which 'John Bourde of Corfe Castle, in the County of Dorset, marbler,' on May 16, 35 Hen. VI., agrees to make a tomb of marble for the grave of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the Chapel of St. Mary's, to put up his own work, and to pave with marble blocks 'the chapel where the tomb standeth,' for the sum of 18*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* It was a large sum; but the monument was to be a triumph of the marbler's art. We peruse the elaborate description of its beauties with the conviction that it would be hard to find a marbler to-day possessed of the artistic sense and trained skill of this fifteenth-century craftsman.

In the sixteenth century the importation of marble from Italy began to tell upon the Purbeck trade, till, in the eighteenth century, John Claridge, in his *General View of Agriculture in Dorset*, merely mentions as a casual supplement to his description of the stone quarries that a stone, taking a high polish and resembling the marble of Derbyshire, is dug in small quantities; which stone is used 'for chimney pieces by the inhabitants, but is not exported.'

Of late years the marble trade has to some extent revived. Marble was dug near Kingston for the fine church erected there by Lord Eldon, after a design by Street. An ancient marble quarry near Langton was then re-worked, and for some years sufficed to supply the small demand. Quite recently a large order for repairs and alterations at Arundel has necessitated the opening of a second quarry, and has been an immense boon to the trade.

It is curious that the single gild feature conspicuously absent from the articles and from the present organisation of the Purbeck marblers is the very one for which there seems peculiar necessity. The Wardens, who settle disputes, call meetings, and exact fines for infringement of the company's decrees, are not empowered to inspect work done or goods sold. Yet in few trades is there greater call for supervision. The quality of the stone is strangely

¹ The columns of Salisbury Cathedral, dating from 1258, are a kind of marble dug only at Peveril Point, the Western Horn of Swanage Bay.

uncertain, and many intelligent members of the trade attribute its decline to the indifference or unequal value of stone supplied for important orders. If this be the case, the ruin or revival of the trade is to a great extent in the hands of the 'merchants.' Any quarryman can, of course, sell his own produce directly to—can one say the *consumer*? But owing to the nature of the strata single owners have rarely a sufficient quantity of one kind of stone to meet a large order. Hence the *raison d'être* of the 'merchant.' The merchant is not, however, a middleman in the ordinary sense of the word. He is merely a member of the company who happens to be more prosperous than his neighbours, a marbler who has, perhaps, inherited a little capital from thrifty parents. He is, of course, bound by the articles of the company, and may on no account 'undercreep' or undersell 'his fellow-tradesman.'

By the 'merchants' the purchased stone is now conveyed immediately to the pier or railway station in Swanage. Formerly, worked stone was kept in large quantities on the shore, the huge grey 'bankers' forming an unsightly but distinctive feature of Swanage Bay. At the beginning of the century it is said that the stone was usually carried from the hills to the shore *on the backs of the quarrymen*.

Before the erection of the pier in 1857 the shipping of the stone was a tedious but picturesque process. It was placed in lumbering carts with abnormally large wheels, which were driven seawards through the shallow water till the huge axles were submerged. Flat-bottomed barges were then brought alongside the carts, and in their turn discharged the stone into vessels waiting at the entrance of the Bay.

In conversation the Purbeck quarrymen put forward a claim which is interesting because it doubtless represents ancient though obsolete custom. They have the right, they proudly declare, to enter on any man's land and open a quarry; and it is noteworthy that this claim corresponds to the actual practice of the tin-bounders of Cornwall and lead-miners of Derbyshire. Practically, however, the quarrymen have surrendered this position, taking as their next outpost against the landowners' encroachments a claim to perpetuity of tenure. It is acknowledged that a man who has once obtained permission to open a quarry cannot be turned out of it while he pays the customary dues, unless, indeed, he neglect to work it for a year and a day. And then arises another disputed question. Does the neglected

pit revert to the owner of the land, or is it forfeited to the company, as is indicated by the articles? In practice a compromise or 'arrangement' has usually been effected; but compensation offered by a landowner is perhaps a tacit acknowledgment of the marblers' claim. It is seldom, however, that the owner of quarried land has any desire to repossees it. It is difficult to make it fit for building purposes, and the surface soil has been ruined by the rubbish heaps deposited round the pits. The landowners, in fact, have never regarded the quarrymen with favour. The royalties¹ they receive take a considerable slice out of the scanty, hardly earned profits of the marblers, yet they are an inadequate and uncertain compensation for lasting and inevitable injury to property. Till a pit is sunk it is impossible to tell whether the stone can be profitably worked, and many quarries are quickly exhausted. In these cases the landlord loses his dues, while his property permanently loses its value. It is consequently not surprising that permission to open a new quarry is now obtained with difficulty.

Thus, from whatever side we regard the Purbeck stone trade, we are met by symptoms of decay and signs of approaching extinction. Yet the Company of Marblers will probably die hard. Its members exhibit a tenacious and robust conservatism, and it has successfully weathered many 'bad times.' Indeed, at the present moment it seems to be enjoying a sudden flickering of prosperity. Not only has the trade in marble been revived, but two or three cliff quarries, neglected since the war time at the beginning of the century, are now once more being worked.

Yet, even without the formidable rivalry of convict labour at Portland, it would be difficult to believe that the Purbeck stone trade in its present form could have a future before it. It is founded on commercial theories and moral ideals which have long since been displaced and forgotten. Its principles are opposed to the spirit of the present age. It is a solitary survival of a bygone England, a fragment of the edifice of mediæval trade strangely preserved into the nineteenth century.

But while we believe that the Purbeck stone trade, if it is to endure at all, will have to be reorganised, that the various owners with small capital must disappear, and the ancient Craft-Gild become a company in the modern sense of the word, we

¹ The royalties due to the landowner are: 3*d.* per ton on curb and block stone; 1*s.* 6*d.* per ton on marble; 1*s.* per 100 feet for paving stone; 2*d.* per 100 feet for run of steps.

nevertheless feel that the prolonged existence of the Company of Marblers has in it something significant and hopeful. For the existence of any society implies commensuration of sacrifices made with benefits received; and the quarrymen's articles, restricting individual passion, restraining individual freedom of action, could not continue to command obedience unless the individuals who submit to them—men of very different degrees of wealth—experienced some real compensating benefit from the generous good-fellowship and strong *esprit de corps* which pervade and stamp their ancient Association.

L. M. R.

Private Schools: Ancient and Modern.

THE purpose of this article lies in an attempt to draw a contrast between the private school of the writer's boyhood and the private school as it exists to-day. And, *imprimis*, be it understood that by 'private' school I do not intend a reference to such an institution as, for instance, is sketched for us in *Frank Fairleigh*, but a preparatory school pure and simple, described by the agents as consisting of (perhaps) fifty pupils, 'all gentlemen's sons, under fourteen years of age, preparing for our great public schools or for the Navy.'

Now the main point of contrast does not consist in a difference of work. There has been practically no alteration in the 'timetable.' Latin, Greek, French and English are taught as well as they were twenty years ago; probably better, because there are better books. Perhaps the writer may be allowed to shed a passing tear over the decline of Latin verse-making; in his own experience he has not met a boy who can write Latin verses—not, at least, as his own schoolfellows wrote them.

Nor will it be necessary to insist upon another point: the amount of work done then and now. Broadly speaking, work is done from nine to one o'clock, with a break of half an hour or so about eleven. Work before breakfast varies: some head-masters do not approve of 't. Afternoon school generally begins at half-past four, and there is commonly a preparation of some sort in the evening. Wednesday and Saturday are the half-holidays, though in a few preparatory schools the Eton custom of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday half-holidays obtains—usually, however, only in the summer months. It may be taken for granted that the working hours of the week are not too many; they seldom exceed forty. But it is needful to insist on that forty as a maximum, for it becomes the subtrahend in a sum. And the minuend will be the boys' waking hours, which may be estimated roughly at ninety-

five per week. The result shows fifty-five hours during which the boy is not working.

It is the manner in which these fifty-five hours are spent that constitutes the great difference between what I have called—for there have been great changes lately—ancient and modern private schools. Of course, allowance must be made for meal-times—possibly fifteen hours in the week; that is a liberal computation, but the remainder will serve my purpose.

How did we spend that 'play-time' twenty years ago? Frankly, we spent it as we chose. It was 'play-time' in the truest sense: it meant release from teaching; away went books to shelf and locker, and you were your own master. Now that is precisely what the modern boy never is.

My own experience relates to a well-known private school near Banbury, which exists no longer. Let me say that the late J. K. S. was a pupil, and some of my readers may recognise it. I do not mean to say that there was no compulsory game-playing. There was; but not nearly so much of it. The game was played as a game, as an end in itself, not as a means to a match. But I remember many a long half-holiday spent miles away from cricket-field or goal-posts; it was decided for us that we might amuse ourselves as we thought best, and my happiest recollections of schoolboy life lie in those afternoons.

We obtained permission to walk with a chosen companion or two directly after dinner, and we roamed over all the countryside. As to our money, we looked after that ourselves, and a good deal of it, I know, went to swell the stocking of an old lady in the village, from whom we bought illicit chocolates (I wonder if there be any who read this will remember Mother Webb). Brackley, Farthinghoe, Culworth, Marston, each held its well-known counter, and each contributed its share to an occasional feast in the bedroom. 'Potted grouse,' helped with the handle of a toothbrush; tinned salmon, which I did not like, but ate; chocolate and butterscotch, of course—yet we were seldom the less hungry for breakfast. I do not wish to glorify these carousals, but they have a certain charm for me; I can still see the moonlight on the beds and the snow on the lawn outside, where the big owls hooted. No; there were other days, spring and summer days, which we spent in the woods—birds'-nesting mostly, but some of us collected butterflies. It was absolute freedom; we went anywhere and did anything. I well remember four of us crossing a swollen brook by the ricketiest of fences; we could not swim a stroke,

and the bubbling yellow stream raced like mill-water. We were treed by gamekeepers, and parted with half-crowns under compulsion; we walked by railway lines and put pennies on the rails, were pursued by porters; and we came back to school by starlight often. We were the happiest of creatures.

The modern schoolboy spends his play-time differently. He cannot birds'-nest; he never sees a gamekeeper; to him trespassing is an unknown quantity. He has no choice about what he shall do. He is 'under supervision.' Why all this? For two reasons.

First, an increased interest in games, which results in increased competition between school and school. Second—I write in helpless wrath—the natural fussiness of parents, indirectly encouraged by the schoolmaster.

With regard to the first reason, it will be admitted generally, I suppose, that the increased interest in athletics which marks the close of the nineteenth century has had on the whole a beneficent influence. But its tendency to choke all other interests makes me, at least, look upon it with suspicion. It has led to a rivalry between neighbouring private schools hardly less keen than that which animates the boys who, year by year, go up to Lord's with blue-tasselled umbrellas. (Argue thence the occasional collapse of a top-hat, owing to undue pressure from above.) At the beginning of each season a regular match-card is arranged, and home-and-home matches are played between school and school; that is a miniature league for you, and the cards need some arranging. The result is, that never a game is played but has some bearing on the next match; never a game after which the question does not arise, 'How did Brown bowl?' or 'Will Jones make a half-back for Saturday?'

That being so, we cannot afford to waste a half-holiday in birds'-nesting or catching butterflies. Heavens, no! And as for the old-fashioned prisoner's base—which was a fine game, but now-a-days is not useful—if the grass be dry enough for that, let the boys learn football. For this is what it comes to—boys no longer play in play-time; they learn. Teach, teach, teach—we must use every minute for teaching, or we go under next Saturday. The eleven must learn their places, must learn how to dribble, head, pass, middle—all the technicalities of what is really a very intricate game. Or, in summer-time, there must be nets, a heap of coats behind your batsman, or peg down his right foot, to prevent him from 'running away;' hire a professional to bowl at

him (who frightens him considerably), but, whatever you do, teach him as if his livelihood depended on it. His master's does.

The schoolmaster cannot help this. The big movement has been too much for him. If he would, he could not prevent the rivalry of others; and if he himself join not the competition, his school must pass unnoticed, and if unnoticed, then unremunerative; he does not attract boys, and, not attracting them, loses money. Wherefore his eleven must hold their own, and, if possible, do more. If he cannot teach cricket and football himself (though few there be would admit this), he must see that his masters can. Hence the yearly search for Blues among the class lists; no matter how low you go (and I grant it matters little), but get a Blue, and you will see your money back again, though you pay him more—it is not much—than you pay a first-class man who cannot hold a catch. I am reminded in this connection of a story told of a well-known schoolmaster who took praiseworthy but perhaps too vigorous an interest in the performances of his eleven. A lady called on his wife, and during her visit inquired casually whether she saw much of the run on the previous Wednesday. The schoolmaster's wife answered, with some surprise, that she did not hunt. 'But the hounds passed through the school-grounds—was not that so?' Another denial. 'But I was passing the school at the time, and distinctly heard them give tongue in your field.' The other laughed, perhaps with pride, and answered, 'Oh! *that* was my husband, coaching the boys at football!'

The modern private school boy, then, never plays his games alone. There is a regular system of 'games supervision.' But the supervision exercised over him does not end there. It is a fact that at many schools a boy is not out of his master's sight for ten minutes, from the time he has finished dressing in the morning to the time the gas is put out at night. That is his parents' fault. I say fault advisedly.

For the head-master of a preparatory school has discovered a big card to play. 'Your boy can come to no harm here. Is he small? No big boy can touch him. Delicate? Here are no rough games. Mischievous? He is always in sight of a master.' Always and ever, from week-end to week-end, under the master's eye. Nothing pays like that. Fond father glances at doting mother: here at least their darling is safe: no bullying, no danger to life and limb; he might almost be at home (even there he can escape notice if he wish): this is a school of schools. The bait is

taken, and the boy comes to school. Say, rather, re-enters the nursery.

'Tis a coddling system! All day long the master, half a nursemaid and half a policeman, stands on guard. After breakfast (there are schools where the luckless assistant-master is not even then free), till prayers or chapel; during the half-hour break at mid-morning; from dinner to tea, and from tea to supper, hardly for five minutes is there an interval during which the boy can tackle his playmates alone. I am not exaggerating. It pays. Parents like to think that Johnny, or Tommy, or whoever he be, cannot be bullied, cannot cut his finger with a knife, is in no danger of catching cold from leaving his coat on the wet grass, is not being led into mischief by wicked companions. And it is natural, I suppose. To that school which has the best record of wins during the season, and at which they can be certain that their son is best looked after—to that school parents will send their children, and that school they will recommend to their friends. Which, after all, is the mark the head-master aims at—and small blame to him. And his assistant-masters, under their breath, curse fate that parents must so be studied. Will it be believed that at a particular nursery I have in my mind the boys on cold days wear gloves at football? *Gloves! O tempora!* And another institution I know, where the mistress (she conducts a most successful school) herself carves for all her pupils at dinner, giving to Jones an excess of lean, and much fat to Brown, each to his taste; and another where the blinds are immediately drawn down should Robinson complain of the sun in his eyes; and yet another where Thompson, finding it hard to follow the ways of sleep, luxuriates with two pillows.

I do not intend to enter upon a disquisition on the question of punishments. That is a matter upon which much has been written, and much still remains to be written. Suffice to say that the old system of writing lines has dropped out—I think with good reason, though it did not spoil handwriting as much as some have supposed. In these days boys write copies, or do punishment drill, or learn by heart; each a better form of *pœna* than the mechanical process of transcribing Virgil and Homer. There will always be use and misuse of corporal punishment. Notice that Keate's pupils bore him no grudge;¹ however, you may twist that into an

¹ The late Sir Thomas Whichcote told me the following (I believe new) story of Keate: He was walking through Fourth Form Passage, when the Head met him and stopped. 'Boy! what is that book you are carrying?' It proved to

argument against or for corporal punishment. But in this the head-master's hand has not yet been forced, and a strong head-master's never will be. Here and there an impecunious man may fear the loss of a pupil, and listen overmuch to parents. I shall never forget, when permission was at last given by a reluctant mother for Tommy to be beaten, how the little cane broke. There was only one.

Of course, all this reacts on the master himself. It would manifestly be impossible that, where such a system is to be upheld, it could be upheld save with the loyal help of the assistant-masters. And the assistant-master almost invariably is loyal to his chief, and does uphold the school rules with a conscientiousness at least equal to that with which he transgressed the regulations of his college. I have already said that one high-road to success in private schoolmastering is the possession of a Blue—preferably for Association football. But, given that your candidate is but an ordinary mortal, with a second in Mods. behind him, and possibly a fair record in his college eleven, still he will stand in a position very different to that held by the private schoolmasters who taught twenty years ago. It will be observed that I wish to insist upon this change as entirely of recent growth; the last two decades have brought it, with the increased appetite for matches—matches by dozens where before were played but one or two. The necessary 'coaching' for these necessary matches, conjoined with the increased care in supervision, has brought master and boy into terms of intimacy which very certainly would astonish Dickens could he see it. The word 'usher' has long since departed to whatever limbo may hold high-lows and pantaloons; but there was a transition stage, when the master was essentially one who was seen only in school-hours, and knew not the playground. I am speaking broadly; he joined in the games occasionally, but there was no organised control of every odd quarter hour when the schoolrooms were empty. And it is this organised supervision—I must beg tolerance of the word, if I am to be technical—which has thrown master and boy into a forced companionship, of which the results are not inconsiderable.

The young master, who cannot be expected to have attained that general interest in the genus boy which only comes to the man of long and varied experience, naturally seeks, among the crowd with whom willy-nilly he must pass his day, those whose
be a dictionary. 'I thought it was a Bible. Read your Bible, boy—or I'll flog you!'

tastes jump with his own. It could not be otherwise. At home, at school, at college, he has employed his whole life up to this point—unknowingly, it may be, but none the less certainly—in a process of selection of friends. And the genesis of friendship is an inevitable process. If we could make friends with anyone we met, if friendship did not depend upon I know not what occult affinities, what a worthless thing a friend would be! *Platitudes!* But I am compelled to them, because my subject, the assistant-master in his novitiate, must do his best with a difficulty which will confront him. After a few days of this new companionship, he has unconsciously selected from the crowd one or two boys who interest him more than the others. That is no more than the ordinary process of selection, which takes place all the year round at country-house parties. And, given he be of a nature sympathetic with boyhood, after some space of time he may know the inside of a boy's heart, which is very delightful knowledge. But unless he has been extremely careful (and few there be see the danger, suspecting none), he has made a big mistake at the opening of his career. He has made '*favourites.*' I put that word in commas because I hate it. It reminds me of much that is mean and sneaking. But it is the boy's word—'*favouritism!*' And it will out: if there be the slightest ground for it, you will hear it; it will be whispered in corners, it will hiss softly at you from half-open doors—often, needless to say, without the slightest ground for any such accusation; but often, too, because a young man has yielded to natural impulses, and, with every wish in the world to be just and impartial, has shown too decided a liking—I do not say preference—for the society of perhaps half a dozen boys out of the fifty.

But I do not intend to say more on this subject, except to point out that the modern system of perpetual companionship of boy and master makes it harder for the novice to be impartial. He is not a private tutor, whose duty it is, as I conceive, to know all that can be known of one boy; he must treat all alike, and often he does not learn the trick of it until after a certain amount of heartache. To many all this may seem far-fetched, irrational; but the experienced head-master knows that it happens, as often as not, to the keenest and most conscientious of those who adopt the profession of teaching.

So much for the effect on the master. But I wished also to speak of the inevitable effect upon the boy; and here I find a wider and (it must be) a more important field for discussion. As

I have hinted, there need be little consideration of the work done in school-hours. That fills the head, or may do so. It is the time the boy spends in the playground which forms his character. And again we may subdivide. During part of these play-hours he is being taught or coached in a game—cricket or football. I will illustrate from the former. If he is batting at the nets, no pains are spared to show him what is meant by playing forward, playing back, cutting, driving, and the like. Above all, he is cautioned to play carefully, to play at the nets as if he were playing in a match; he is forbidden to 'run out and slog'; absolutely forbidden the mixture of long jump and golf drive, commonly known as the 'blind swipe.' Now all that is very good advice. But it makes the boy's play characterless. He has found out none of these good things himself, and therefore he does not attempt to find out more. He takes for granted that he has played a ball correctly, unless he is told after that particular ball that he played incorrectly. And he tends to become careless of self-improvement. Just as it is not a common thing to see a youngster of thirteen digging for secrets in a Greek grammar, so, if you undertake practically to teach him cricket, he will not try to learn it himself. Spend half an hour in the morning in hitting catches to the eleven. You will very likely improve their catching; but they will never try to improve it themselves: they leave that to you. In other words, make the game into a lesson, and they will wait for you to teach it.

But during the rest of the time, when he is not actually 'learning how to play,' is the boy free? In a sense, yes. It is an evening in November, perhaps; he has choice of chess, draughts, and such-like games; a collection of stamps may attract him, or he may prefer (this is not everywhere allowed) the gymnasium. He has choice, but not liberty; at any minute he may catch the watchful eye of the 'master on duty.' School rules there may be, but they exist mainly for his master's guidance; for, with the exception of such small-fry as prohibitions of talking, and so on, there is hardly a rule he can break without instant detection. But when it becomes another person's duty to see that he does not break a rule, then he is done with all sense of personal responsibility. I do not know if I shall be understood when I say that a law is not worth making unless it is worth breaking; but I mean that, unless a boy has the opportunity of transgressing a rule, with a fair chance of avoiding detection, then he has no opportunity of teaching himself to resist temptation. And also, if you reduce his

chance of escape to a minimum—if, that is to say, he knows, that he will be thus and thus treated, not 'if I am found out,' but 'if I do it'—then he accepts the penalty beforehand, and his acceptance implies that the penalty has no terrors for him, or, at least, that he considers the crime worth the punishment.

A word as to two 'offences' which have almost entirely disappeared from these excellently policed institutions. Bullying used to be matter for a flogging. That was perhaps a little illogical, because castigation of the bully reacts in a sense on the bullied. There is no need to puzzle over the problem now-a-days; the bully never gets a chance under the magisterial eye; the thing has vanished. And so has fighting: the fist as a weapon of attack or defence does not occur; its place is taken by a lengthy list of entirely harmless adjectives, or by stealthy kicks under the table. Personally, I regret the disappearance. Not greatly in the case of bullying, though that was not an unmixed evil after all. It showed up the boy with pluck and spirit—gave him his chance. Could he but mark the big fellow, he made history for more than a day or two. But the surcease of fighting I believe entirely to be regretted. Names—idle names, and sidling kicks, with a glance to avoid detection—surely these are unworthy substitutes for the joy of battle. There were good fights in a dingy schoolroom I can remember; but then there was much cold water close at hand, nor any fear of interruption.

I say, then, that the modern system of game-teaching robs the boy of self-reliance; that this perpetual supervision takes away his sense of independence and of responsibility. That the boy loses the former is not his master's fault so much as his misfortune. There is not time for the young cricketer or footballer to find out the secrets of the game for himself, therefore he must be shown them—in a word, must be crammed. That increased supervision should be deemed necessary I blame, reservedly, the modern British parent, who demands it.

I am aware that my arguments may be met with the answer: 'Is not the boy young? Why not leave these things—independence and sense of responsibility—for him to learn when he goes to a public school?' I would reply: Is not this a preparatory school? Do you wish your boy to be prepared merely in sufficient dead languages and mathematics to pass an entrance examination, or do you wish him to be prepared, in the broadest sense, for the liberty and the temptations of that little world we call a public school? If the latter, then the preparation can hardly begin too early;

and, after all, some boys enter a public school at ten, and some remain at a private school until after fourteen. Where does the age limit come in at which he is to learn to stand by himself?

I intend, so soon as I am able, to start a private school upon my own lines. My pupils will be described, as aforesaid in the agents' circulars, as gentlemen's sons, under fourteen years of age, preparing for scholarships and admission to our great public schools. I shall not vary the *curriculum* at present in vogue. I shall join in the games, but I shall give no advice unless I am asked for it. We shall play few matches. Once a week the whole school will be free to spend a half-holiday afternoon as they choose. There will be no playground supervision, beyond an occasional visit to see that things are going as I mean them to go. I shall punish with the utmost severity deceit, cruelty to animals, and rudeness to servants. I shall warn a bully, and, if he does not take the hint, I shall get rid of him. I shall look approvingly upon black eyes and red stains on the boards; and, finally, although other schools around me may flourish exceedingly, I shall probably adopt a better paying business.

ERIC PARKER.

Ben Plumby's Cornet.

BEFORE Ben Plumby's mother had to take in washing she lived with her husband in a nice cottage just outside Cloughborough, and was opulent in a residence overrun outside with roses and over-crowded inside with upholstery, the latter in due accord with the prevailing taste of the society wherein the Plumbys moved; but the death of the father made such extravagances as a carpeted sitting-room and parlour no longer possible, and the widow found herself obliged to rent a tiny tenement in a narrow back street of the town, where she and her son subsisted as best they might on the profits of her industrious knuckles.!

The neighbours often maintained that all Ben Plumby's 'ways' were due to his bringing up, which had been done in the lap of luxury by a too fond mother who 'spiled' him; and perhaps there was some reason in this judgment. At all events there could be no dispute about the fact that Ben was radically and ineradicably lazy. He loafed about his mother's door, and if she ever, by dint of much persuasion, succeeded in obtaining for him a chance of honest work, she had to exert those wheedling powers far more excessively in order to induce him to stir his heavy limbs for a weekly wage. Whoever employed Ben Plumby invariably bestowed upon him the order of the sack before many days had elapsed. He was too useless an encumbrance to be supported by thrifty country townfolk for any length of time.

Taller and taller grew the boy, his huge frame filling, his muscles growing flabbier and less dynamic every day. There was not conspicuous, in all his six feet two inches, one cubit of self-reliance, self-respect, independence. He felt no shame, at the age of nineteen, in asking his mother for twopence to buy a glass of beer, and unfortunately such requests became more frequent every month of his life.

And the fate of the hopeless and irremediable 'shack' was swiftly approaching Ben Plumby. Before him yawned the drunkard's doom—the pauper's grave, with all attendant horrors

familiar to us through the representation of total abstinence banners and the eloquence of social reformers.

But the clear ringing notes of the cornet arrested him as he was sliding down the slippery path to the pit; and a soul, born of music, awoke in him. Its birthplace was lowly, not to say low, being no other than the 'Pig and Whistle,' a tavern of bad repute in the district, where Ben was wont to loiter; but souls have been born in stranger places, and Bacchus was ever the friend of the Muses.

'Mother,' Ben said one evening to the patient soul at the mangle, 'give us a tanner; I want ter goo and git me 'air cut.'

Mrs. Plumby knew the hair-cutting excuse was a fiction, but she never allowed Ben to think she doubted him, and so, with a sigh, she fumbled in her pocket for a dilapidated purse.

Ben shuffled from one foot to the other uncomfortably as he took a sidelong glance at her face, so full of anxiety for him.

'Yer moight chuck in tuppence for a drink,' he blurted, with a confused notion of giving his lie a foothold on fact. 'I'm droy as a loime-kiln.'

Mrs. Plumby gave him the 'tanner' with a shake of the head.

'Taint everyone as can afford ter give way to droyness,' she said, with faint ironic severity. 'I kean't, and manglin's thrusty work.'

If her words caused a pang of penitence in Ben's conscience—or sensations to that effect—he did not show it by word or look, and his only sign of compunction was to walk twice past the 'Pig and Whistle' before entering within its hospitable walls.

There was generally plenty of entertainment to be found in the bar parlour of this delectable resort, but never anything so enchanting as the sounds that thrilled Ben Plumby's nerves and tightened the skin of his head under his still uncut hair as he came within hail of the 'public' on his second passing. He had never heard a cornet well played before, and it seemed to transcend every previous effort of diversion he had ever experienced. He remarked in confidence to the man next him, after sitting through an extremely long solo of variations on 'Rule Britannia'—

'I'm dommed if it doant make me sweat!' and in very truth the beads of perspiration were standing thick on his dull skin, while his mouth was parched with feverish emotion.

The cornetist was a man of reputation on the instrument, having taken prizes at every brass band contest in the county that season, and was a virtuoso in his way. He lipped the thing

with precision and produced its tones with excellent roundness, swelling from *piano* to *forte* and sustaining his high notes in a very effective and elegant manner. Ben had never heard anything like it before. The harsh discord of country bands, the tootle of an ill-played fife or tin whistle, the tiddy-tum-tum of a street piano, the wheeze of a decrepit harmonium or concertina had afforded hitherto all the secular music of his life. These he had ever enjoyed, and had been known to exhibit rare signs of animation in order to come up with a street musician whose performance lured him from his usual sluggish crawl to a mildly brisk walk. He had bawled the hymns in church with much gusto till his mother could no longer afford him respectable gear to go in, and on Sunday evenings he still attended the porch as regularly as he had formerly attended the service, in order to catch the sweet tones of organ and choir.

Now he was verily uplifted, carried away beyond the world of bad tobacco and adulterated beer by strains that vibrated to unknown chords in his half-developed spiritual senses. His second glass of treacly beer stood untasted beside him on the deal table, and it could not have been due to the influence of that potent liquor when he found courage to say suddenly—

‘Gi’ us ‘old o’ that theer,’ with a dominating impudence that considerably startled his companions. Decided speech and action were not the recognised attributes of Ben Plumby; and when he lifted himself and stretched out a shaking hand for the cornet, surprise was manifested on every face in the room.

The player, at first, was disinclined to let the precious instrument go out of his own clutches; it was a valuable one, he said, and might get injured. But the look of strange exaltation in the lad’s eyes melted him, and he ended by handing Ben the cornet, and deigning to converse with him upon it.

‘Take long to larn?’ said Ben, holding it gingerly, awe written on every feature.

‘Pretty good while.’

‘Ow much do it cost?’

‘Depends. You can git one for twenty-five bob—a cheap’un.’

‘Not loike this ‘ere——’

‘Well,—’ardly.’

Ben heaved a deep sigh.

‘Try it,’ said the professional, in a burst of good nature.

Ben put his lips to the mouthpiece and blew a blast with all the strength of his lungs, but without drawing more than an eerie groan from the instrument.

The cornet's interpreter explained a thing or two. 'You do this—and this,' he said, illustrating. The other men all listened attentively. They were interested, but not as Ben was.

'Mother,' he observed, next morning, 'I'm goin' out.'

'Well, Benny,' she remarked inquiringly, 'well?'

'Ter see if ther's anny work about. I'm sick of 'angin' round.'

She stared at him as if a rose had dropped from his mouth. Ben sick of 'angin' round'! Were wonders in the air? And she knew that indeed a miracle had been wrought when she noted the changed aspect of the hulking fellow, his brushed-up appearance, a certain light of resolve in his heavily lidded eyes.

From that hour for many months forward she rejoiced: for Ben, after days of weary search, found employment. The sincerity of his conversion to labour was much doubted at first, but at length he was taken on by benevolence for a trial, owing to his mother's exceeding good name for industry; and, strange to say, he kept his place.

At the end of six months he solved the mystery. His mother had seen but little of his wages, the 'Pig and Whistle' even less. He hoarded pence and shillings, and grudged even getting his hair cut, a necessity now he aimed at respectability. The neighbours wondered till their heads ached, and judged there was 'a gal at the bottom of it all;' but they were mistaken, as they discovered to their cost, one fine autumn day, when Ben, in open triumph, brought home a fine shining cornet, second-hand but little the worse for wear.

For many weeks the unhappy folk in that confined region bore the terrible suffering inflicted upon them by Ben Plumby, his cornet, and a diabolical instruction book. In despair, for Mrs. Plumby's sake, they endured, as only the poor will endure for each other, the misery of those hours of practice, till, as Ben grew less fatigued by his exercises, the instrument boomed more and more frequently, and leisure became a hideous Saturnalia. Then they rose, as one, and protested. The cornet must be silenced, or two houses at least would be left tenantless.

Now Ben had no idea that the music he had been providing was not affording the neighbours as much enjoyment as it afforded him. He slaved in radiant delight, hurrying home from work to get to his beloved cornet, and keeping steadily in the way of virtue through the hope that lay in earning sufficient money to buy a silver one—his soul's ultimate ambition. Life had become a dream of full content, from which he was rudely awakened that

eventful evening when, with faltering tongue, his distressed mother made known to him the sad charge against him as a destroyer of peace and breaker-up of happy homes. He was absolutely staggered.

The thing seemed incredible. Dislike his playing? The world was going mad!

The revolt of the Artist against the Philistine, typified here, found vent in sundry ugly oaths and blasts of ungoverned wrath.

Then the insulted lover of the divine art went out, slamming the door behind him, to seek consolation in four-'alf at his long-neglected 'public,' the scene of his first inspiration, the 'Pig and Whistle.'

The spell was broken. That night when he returned home, in a condition of fuddled forgetfulness, the sight of the burnished cornet lying on his bed sent tears to his hot eyes, for the pride of it had departed. He had made 'rows' on it; that was what they had said to his mother—'rows'—and he had thought they were enjoying his lovely music so! The universe had suddenly become a wide howling chaos; there was nothing in it worth living for, worth striving for. The silver cornet of his dreams was vanishing into a vast illimitable darkness; the future was a blank nothingness. For what was music but a delusion, and the cornet but a snare—a thing that made 'rows'? With sullen despair in his heart Ben pushed his ambition, with his instrument, into a corner, and fell back into the mere brute. His religion had been taken from him.

He did not get up and go to work next day, nor the next. He was going to take 'an 'oliday,' he said, and the result of this decision eventuated in the familiar 'sack' as a natural corollary. Thus he fell into a worse state than before, because the pessimism of personal despair had fastened its fang into his intrinsic passivity; and his mother saw with a bursting heart that her Benny's foot was again on the ice path that leads so surely to the Pit of Shame.

Not very far beyond the town of Cloughborough there lay some neat little detached villas, with fair-sized gardens surrounding them, isolating each residence, and thus lending an aroma of gentility. In one of these dwelt a charming little maiden lady, with a winning summer face, as innocent and sweetly kind as a tender heart and happy life should make it. For Miss Felicia Ferney—'Aunt Fliss,' as she was generally called—though tried by scarcely any sorrow, and no temptator in her gentle amble

through sixty years of life, had not suffered contraction of mind or soul, nor learnt uncharity by lack of suffering, as many do. She was all that old maidens should be, if they desire to set young maidens such an example as may preserve them from unhappy, reckless marriages.

Walking in her garden one bright day when the birds were beginning to chant April psalms, and the boughs of her apple trees were blushing, she received a great shock upon coming to the quaintly cut yew tree by the gate opening into the back lane.

'Oh! oh! oh!' she cried, as she perceived with horror the recumbent figure of an unmistakable man.

Her maid servant, a fresh country girl, the daughter of a previous domestic, and devotedly attached to Miss Ferney (as, indeed, everyone was who knew her), came running up from the lettuce bed, wherein she was 'dibbing' young plants from the frame, and asked—

'What ever is the matter, miss?'

'Oh, my dear Patty, here's a poor tramp in a fit or something! We must restore him somehow. Fetch my sal-volatile and salts at once, there's a good child, and a jug of water, and vinegar, and, perhaps—yes—the brandy flask, if you can find it—and, oh dear! I ought to unloose his cravat, poor thing, but I am so trembling, and——'

She wrung her hands helplessly.

Now, Patty, young and innocent though she was, had seen more of life than her mistress.

'P'raps, miss, he's only drunk,' she suggested.

Miss Ferney drew back with a shudder; then a quick colour glowed in her dainty withered cheek.

'We must not be so uncharitable as to think so,' she reproved, 'for, indeed, we are all prone to attacks of illness, and this may be a fit. Do as I tell you, and I will overcome my silly fears. A fellow creature in distress, Patty, always demands our help and pity.'

She knelt beside the assumed tramp and gently unknotted the dirty scarf round his throat, with many a shudder quenched by firm resolve.

When Ben Plumby came to his senses he saw two faces bending over him, and thought they were angels'; so he closed his eyes again, vaguely reflecting that he could not be so very bad after all, as he had apparently got to heaven. Presently, however, this reassuring dream was dispelled by the sound of a kind voice.

'Are you better, my poor fellow?' asked Miss Ferney solicitously.

He glared and blinked alternately. There was a suspicious odour of alcohol about his presence, but his little protectress refused to be led by it.

'How come you to be lying here at this time of day, a big, strong young man like you?' she inquired further. 'Are you subject to—attacks?'

She did not like to suggest fits; it might be a delicate subject.

He blinked and glared again. Then he hoisted his great shoulders against the garden wall and stared at her dully.

'Do you feel able to go on, or would you like a cup of tea?' the lady asked, with a hospitable smile.

'Dom it all!' said Ben, shuffling to his feet, and then he begged her pardon. 'I meant, thank ye, mum; I should loike a cup o' tea; 'twould clear me 'ed, for a must a bin drunk when I comed in 'ere.'

'Oh, I hope not,' Miss Ferney ejaculated, dismayed. 'You would be ashamed to say so if it were true.'

'It's true enough,' he maintained doggedly. 'I wor drunk—shame or no shame.'

Miss Ferney looked inclined to cry.

'Why did you drink too much?' she said gently. 'Don't you know how bad it is for you—how wrong, how degrading?' She paused.

Ben asked sullenly—

'What else is there to do?'

The question was a poser. Miss Ferney had no reply ready; she could only reiterate, 'What else is there to do?'

'There's nothing for a chap to do nowadays but drink,' said Ben. 'People wun't let 'im inj'y 'isself 'is own waay, and what is 'e to do?'

'How would you like to enjoy yourself?' asked Miss Ferney, with a sudden flash of perception.

He hesitated.

'Do you—are you—fond of cricket?' It was the only recreation she could think of at the moment.

'No,' he paused. Her kind, interested face won his confidence, and after an interval of silence he went on—

'Music's moy game.'

Now Miss Felicia loved music herself. She warmly sympathised with Ben's taste, and was deeply moved by his story, which he told over the breakfast cup of tea and many slabs of delicious bread-and-butter brought out by Patty. While he was speaking,

in broken sentences, pulled up by divers profane exclamations and 'beg pardons,' the little lady was cogitating in her mind how to restore this disreputable member to his right place in society. She was naturally cautious and, in consequence, declined to commit herself on the spot, but she told him to call next day.

In the interval she discussed him with Patty, and the result of collusion between two warm hearts was an offer to Ben of the post of gardener. Miss Ferney declared she tired of 'jobbing men,' and really needed somebody to look after her small estate, which, she persuaded herself, required constant and permanent attention.

'It will be something off my mind, you know, child,' she remarked to Patty, and the girl smiled, for she was not to be deceived even where she admired.

So the plan was submitted to Ben Plumby, with a rider attached to the simple proposal, which Miss Ferney added sweetly.

'And I've been thinking, my friend, that if you liked to practise your cornet in the summer house every evening it would not disturb me at all—in fact, I should—enjoy it.'

Ben's heavy face shone with a gratitude he strove hard to conceal as he muttered something about being 'no 'and with plants and sich,' but his determined benefactress refused to be discouraged.

'You'll learn everything in time, and get to love the flowers as much as the music; the two tastes always go together,' she declared, beaming, 'and if you can keep out of the public-house, Plumby, I am certain you will get your silver cornet.'

'Public-'ouse be—blowed! I never wish ter see the inside o' one again,' he blustered, conquered; and the coalition between grace and uncouthness was established therefrom.

Ben received his silver cornet three years later, from the hands of a local judge at a brass band contest. He is now a performer of extreme eminence upon that penetrating instrument, although he does not practise so assiduously as in former days, when he first roused the echoes in Miss Ferney's tiny insect-inhabited summer house, under the jasmine and honeysuckle. The reason lies not in satiety or a relapse into inertia. The cornet has a rival in Mrs. Ben, whose Christian name is Patty, and she promises him he may play as much as he likes when the children are grown up.

MARY L. PENDERED.

Milk Dangers and Remedies.

IT may with justice be said that in no department of applied bacteriology is more activity apparent than in that which has for its object the building up of a scientific basis for dairy practice. Although this is undoubtedly true, yet, unfortunately, unlike its Continental neighbours, the British public, with whom practically rests the control of our dairy industries, has hitherto held itself strangely aloof, evincing little or no sympathy in researches which, even if they fail to interest, should surely impress with a sense of the great hygienic importance attaching to them. But this apathy is not only to be deprecated in the interests of health, but also on economic grounds.

As a writer recently put it: 'Foreigners and colonists have captured our butter markets; if the consumption of milk sterilised in bottles becomes the fashion, they will [may] likewise capture our milk markets.' And this is no fanciful suggestion, for whilst the production of Pasteurised milk does not involve any considerable outlay in apparatus, its transport may be effected with the greatest ease, requiring no costly refrigerating chambers or other expensive appliances to ensure its reaching its destination in a perfectly pure and wholesome condition.¹

But it is undoubtedly with the public that the responsibility really rests, for as long as it does not care to create the demand for Pasteurised dairy products all the efforts of enlightened agricultural authorities in this country must inevitably end in failure.

On the Continent and in America dairy-bacteriology has made enormous strides, and has practically revolutionised the conduct of dairy work, and if we could but rouse ourselves from our lethargy we likewise should be able not only to boast of progress, but also to better hold our own ground in this important branch

¹ Recently, frozen milk has been introduced into England from Norway and Sweden. It is first Pasteurised, then frozen in large wooden boxes, and shipped on the congealed condition, in which state it remains unchanged for a long period of time.—*Milch-Zeitung* No. 9, 1895.

of agriculture ; and one result would be that dairy troubles, which for so long have been accepted as more or less necessary evils, would yield here, as they have done elsewhere, to a more rigid attention to details, the significance of which scientific research has so successfully shown.

Some of the most easily preventable, but at the same time most aggressively assertive, dairy troubles are undoubtedly directly dependent upon the conduct of milking operations.

In the first place, the cow itself is only too frequently in an uncleanly condition, and as its coat offers exceptional facilities for the harbouring of dust and dirt, the danger of foreign particles falling into the milk is always present unless precautions are taken to negative, or at least minimise, all such chances of contamination.

Professor H. L. Russell, of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, cites in his little volume on *Dairy Bacteriology* an instructive experiment which brings home very forcibly the importance of such precautions. A cow pastured in a meadow was selected for the experiment, and the milking was done out of doors, so as to eliminate as far as possible any intrusion of disturbing foreign factors into the experiment, such as the access of microbes from the air in the milking-shed. The cow was first partially milked, without any precautions whatever being taken, and during the process a small glass dish containing a layer of sterile nutrient gelatine was exposed for one minute beneath the animal's body, in close proximity to the milk-pail. The milking was then interrupted, and before being resumed the udder, flank, and legs of the animal were thoroughly cleansed with water ; a second gelatine surface was then exposed in the same place and for the same length of time. The results of these two experiments are very instructive. When the cow was milked without any special precautions being taken, 3,250 bacteria were deposited per minute on an area equal to the surface of a 10-inch milk-pail ; after, however, the animal had been cleansed, only 115 bacteria were deposited per minute on the same area.

Thus a large number of organisms can, by very simple precautions and very little extra trouble, be effectually prevented from obtaining access to milk. Even in the event of the milk being subsequently Pasteurised, clean milking is of very great importance ; but still more imperative is it when it is destined for consumption in its raw, uncooked condition. If we consider how cows become covered with dirt and slime, that obstinately

adheres to them when they wade through stagnant ponds and mud, and realise the chance thus afforded for malevolent microbes to exchange their unsavoury surroundings for so satisfactory and nourishing a material as milk, then indeed precautions of cleanliness, however troublesome, will not appear superfluous.

That a very real relationship does exist between the bacterial and dirt contents of milk has been clearly shown by actual investigation. A German scientist has made a special study of this subject, and has determined in a large number of milk samples the amount of foreign impurities present per litre, and the accompanying bacterial population per cubic centimetre.

The following results may be taken as typical of those obtained : in milk containing 36·8 milligrammes of dirt per litre as many as 12,897,600 bacteria were present per cubic centimetre ; in cleaner samples, with 20·7 milligrammes of dirt per litre, the number of bacteria fell to 7,079,820 ; whilst in a still more satisfactory sample, containing 5·2 milligrammes of dirt per litre, there were 3,338,775 bacteria per cubic centimetre.

Such results indicate how important a factor is scrupulous cleanliness in milking operations in determining the initial purity of milk, for there is no doubt that bacterial impurities in milk are in the first instance, to a very great extent, controlled by the solid impurities present.

I do not know of any determinations which have been made of the actual amount of such solid impurities present in our public milk supplies, but such estimations have been made in many of those belonging to large cities in Germany. Thus, Professor Renk found in a litre of milk supplied to Halle about 75 milligrammes, whilst in another sample as much as 0·362 grammes per litre were detected. In Berlin 10 milligrammes, and in Munich 9 milligrammes per litre, were found. If we associate these amounts of solid impurities with their consequent bacterial impurities, then we shall obtain some idea of what the microbial population of these milk supplies may amount to.

These impurities are almost wholly preventable, but, unfortunately, but little importance is apparently attached to their presence in milk as a rule by dairymen.

In a letter published not long since in the *Sussex Daily News* a correspondent and well-known authority on dairy matters sounds a timely note of warning to our dairy managers :—

‘I happen to know,’ he writes, ‘for a fact that Americans

who visited the recent Dairy Show at Islington were so disgusted at the method—or rather lack of cleanly method—exhibited there as our ordinary way of milking cows, that these visitors stated that nothing would induce them to drink milk while in England. I mention this circumstance so as to bring home to the minds of English dairy-farmers who may read this letter how very backward we are in this country, as compared with more studious and careful foreign competitors. It is insisted upon by our foreign teachers that our cow-stalls are too short and not roomy enough, and our cow-houses badly constructed; that we do not (1) groom our cows or (2) clean the teats, nor (3) sponge their udders, bellies, and sides before milking with clean, tepid water; (4) that the milkers do not tie up the cow's tail nor clean their own hands and persons, nor (5) cover their clothes with a clean, well-aired blouse during milking; that (6) they generally milk in a foul atmosphere (bacterially), tainted with the odour of dung, brewer's grains, or farmyard refuse. I am sorry to state that there is too much solid fact about the contentions which, based upon bacteriology, are given as causes of injury to quality. . . . Cleanliness is now a matter requiring the primary attention of English dairy-farmers. The study of bacteria proves that such inattention is greatly the cause of foreign butters beating ours.'

It follows as a natural sequence that all the cans and vessels used for dairy purposes should be absolutely beyond suspicion of contamination. Professor Russell has shown by actual experiment that, even where the vessels are in good condition and fairly well cleaned, the milk has a very different bacterial population when collected in them and in vessels *sterilised by steam*.

Two covered cans were taken, one of which had been cleaned in the ordinary way, and the other sterilised by steam for half an hour. Previous to milking the animal was carefully cleaned, and special precautions were taken to avoid raising dust, whilst the first milk, always rife with bacteria, was rejected. Directly after milking bacterial gelatine-plates were respectively prepared from the milk in these two pails, with the following results:—In one cubic centimetre of milk taken from the sterilised pail there were 165 bacteria; in that taken from the ordinary pail as many as 4,265 were found.

Another experiment illustrates perhaps even more strikingly the effect of cleanly operations in milking upon the initial bacterial contents of milk. The preliminary precautionary measures were carried out by an ordinary workman, and are in no sense so refined as

to be beyond the reach of ordinary daily practice. 'The milk was received in steamed pails; the udder of the animal, before milking, was thoroughly carded, and then moistened with water, so as to prevent dislodgment of dirt. Care was taken that the barn air was free from dust, and in milking the first few streams of milk were rejected. The milk from a cow treated in this way contained 330 bacteria per cubic centimetre, while that of the mixed herd, taken under the usual conditions, contained 15,500 in the same volume. The experiment was repeated under winter conditions, at which time the mixed milk showed 7,600 bacteria per cubic centimetre, while the carefully secured milk only had 210 in the same volume. In each of these instances the milk secured with greater care remained sweet over twenty-four hours longer than the ordinary milk.'

An organism which has exceptional opportunities for finding its way into cow's milk is the *Bacillus coli communis*, normally present in the feces of all animals. This microbe is a very undesirable adjunct to milk, and may greatly interfere with the souring process, by multiplying extensively, and so producing a change in the milk which renders it impossible for the particular souring bacteria to carry on their work, resulting in their collapse and ultimate extinction. But this is not the only injurious effect which these *Coli* bacilli can produce in milk, for there is a growing conviction that their presence is responsible for many intestinal disturbances with which young children are specially troubled. Quite recently determinations of the bacterial contents of cow-dung have been made, and it has been ascertained that a single gramme, freshly collected, of this material may contain as many as 375 millions of bacteria, of which the majority were found to be the above undesirable organism, the *B. coli communis*.

Milk may also contain bacteria characterised by their remarkable resistance to heat, which is due to their possessing what is known as the hardy spore in addition to the ordinary rod form. The numbers in which they are present in milk varies with different samples; but they may be taken as a sort of index as to the care observed in milking, for they are always present in great quantity in uncleanly collected milk. Careful studies have been made of this class of milk bacteria by Professor Flügge and others, and it has been found that when added to milk upon which puppies were subsequently fed the latter succumbed under symptoms of violent diarrh. The danger of even a few bacteria gaining access to milk is serious, on account of the fabulous rapidity with which they

multiply when they find themselves in such congenial surroundings. Professor Freudenreich has made very exhaustive investigations to show how milk microbes may multiply in the time which elapses between milking and the receipt of the milk by the consumer. The following example will convey some notion of what bacterial propagation under these circumstances is capable of.

The sample of milk in question was found to possess on reaching the laboratory, two and a half hours after milking, a little over 9,000 bacteria in a cubic centimetre. The sample was divided into three portions, which were kept at different temperatures, and after definite intervals of time they were examined. The following table shows at a glance the results obtained.

NUMBER OF BACTERIA IN TWENTY-FIVE DROPS OF MILK.

When Examined	Temperature		
	59° Fahr.	77° Fahr.	95° Fahr.
After 3 hours	10,000	18,000	30,000
After 6 hours	25,000	172,000	12,000,000
After 9 hours	46,000	1,000,000	35,280,000
After 24 hours	5,700,000	577,500,000	50,000,000

Thus, after being kept in the laboratory for three hours the original 9,000 bacteria had in one case doubled, and in another more than trebled, themselves. It will be seen that the temperature most favourable to the multiplication of these bacteria was 77 degrees Fahrenheit.

If a sample of milk containing originally such a comparatively small number of bacteria—for a figure under 10,000 per cubic centimetre sinks into utter insignificance when we read of samples containing 2,500,000—if such relatively bacterially pure samples may support such prodigious numbers of these Lilliputians, what the microbial population of less satisfactory samples may amount to well nigh baffles our powers of calculation. Professor Russell writes: ‘If we compare the bacterial flora of milk with that of sewage, a fluid that is popularly, and rightly, supposed to be teeming with germ life, it will almost always be observed that milk when it is consumed is richer in bacteria by far than the sewage of our large cities. Sedgwick, in his Report to the Massachusetts Board of Health for 1890, found that the sewage of the city of Lawrence contained at the lowest 100,000 germs, whilst the maximum

number was less than 4,000,000 per cubic centimetre.¹ This range in numbers is much less than is usually found in the milk supply of our large cities.'

Numerous researches have been carried out during the past half-dozen years to try and localise the origin of some of the principal dairy troubles, with a view to their possible extinction, or at least control. In the course of these investigations quite a number of the bacteria found in milk have been successfully hunted down, and their offences brought home to them.

Thus, from so-called 'bitter' milk a bacillus has been isolated by Professor Weigmann, and found responsible for this particular change. Another microbe was discovered in bitter cream whose office apparently consisted in rendering milk strongly acid and extremely bitter. Again, that objectionable condition of milk known as slimy, ropy, or stringy, is brought about by certain bacteria which render it viscous; whilst another crop of microbes are occupied in conferring upon it the power of sticking to everything that touches it, making it capable of being drawn out into threads from several inches to several feet in length.

Although we object in this country to slimy milk, in Holland it is in special request for the production of a certain cheese known under the name of Edam. In Norway this kind of milk forms a popular drink called Taettemjolk, and to produce it artificially they put the leaves of the common butter-wort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) into milk. Professor Weigmann has discovered a micro-organism which frequents the leaves of this plant endowed with particular powers of producing slimy milk, and doubtless the credit of furnishing Taettemjolk is really due to this microbe, and not to the innocent butter-wort. 'Soapy' milk, again, has been traced to a specific germ discovered in large numbers in straw used for bedding, whilst it was also detected in the hay that served for fodder. During milking these sources had supplied the infection, and the peculiar fermentation was distinctly shown to be microbial in origin. So-called red and blue milk, and those various hues ranging from bright lemon to orange and amber, are also now known to be directly attributable to bacterial activity.

But of even greater significance than all these bacterial dairy troubles is the risk of spreading disease which is furnished by milk contaminated with pathogenic micro-organisms. In an article

¹ American sewage, it must be noted, is usually weaker and poorer in bacterial life than that of our country, by reason of the greater amount of water with which it is diluted.

which appeared in the last September number of the *Nineteenth Century* I pointed out how grave was the responsibility resting upon dairy produce for spreading the germs of tuberculosis, or consumption.

The general public is hardly aware of how widespread this disease is amongst cattle, and it is only of late years that very careful inquiries have elicited the fact that it is not only very extensively distributed, but may be present in animals to all outward appearance in perfect health.

In Germany it is stated that every fifth cow is tuberculous, and even this is regarded as a moderate estimate. The distinguished Danish pathologist, Professor Bang, is responsible for the announcement that during the years 1891-93, 17.7 per cent. of the animals slaughtered in Copenhagen were infected with tuberculosis. In Paris we are told that, of every thirteen samples of milk sold, one is infected with tubercle bacilli, whilst in Washington it is stated that one in every nineteen samples of milk is similarly tainted.

According to some German investigators, the centrifugal method of separating milk not only has a remarkable effect upon its bacterial contents, but also upon tubercle bacilli when present. On examining the so-called 'separator slime,' it is found to contain not only large quantities of solid matters, but also masses of bacteria which have been thrown out during the operation. This method of treating milk has, curiously, a particular effect upon tubercle bacilli present, for Professor Scheurlen has found that they are nearly all left in the slime. Naturally his observation was not slow in being tested by other investigators; but Professor Bang has quite independently confirmed Scheurlen's discovery, and, still more recently, Moore purposely infected milk with these bacilli, and found that they were deposited in the slime to a most remarkable extent. Coupled, however, with this peculiar behaviour of tubercle bacilli in separated milk is the fact called attention to by Ostertag, that tuberculosis is much more prevalent among swine in Denmark and North Germany, where the centrifugal process in creaming is extensively used, and where, until recently, this slime was given to the animals in its raw, uncooked condition.

Before leaving this subject of separated milk, reference may be made to a danger, which has recently been publicly called attention to, surrounding the use which is made of the skim milk. By an arrangement with the farmers who supply the milk, those

clients who principally use it for producing butter return the skim milk to them after it has been through the separator, when it is employed for stock-feeding purposes. The milk in large dairies derived from different farmers is mixed, and hence the skim milk which is returned is also mixed. Thus, in the event of the milk from one farm being infected, not only is the whole milk supply of a particular dairy infected, but, in returning the mixed skim milk likewise infected in its proper proportion to the different farmers, the virus is distributed over several farms. So real is this danger, and such unfortunate results have followed this practice of returning mixed infected skim milk, that since 1894 the Prussian Government has issued special orders for disinfection by means of heat, in the hope of coping with this difficulty.

In this connection considerable interest attaches to a practice initiated by one of our great London dairies, of distributing *Pasteurised* skim milk from its principal country dairy factory to its various provincial and other depôts. Particular care is taken to avoid all chance of any misconception on the part of the public as to the exact nature of the commodity purchased by them, and it is forwarded for distribution in churns specially describing it as *Pasteurised* skim milk, whilst it is sold from cans and carts bearing the same announcement. This milk has a large sale amongst the poor who cannot afford to purchase whole milk in quantity, and they are provided at a trifling cost with a food material containing 1·10 per cent. of fat, for the whole of the cream is not removed in the separating process, which, besides having considerable nutritive value, carries with it the additional advantage of a guarantee that it is perfectly sweet and free from disease germs of all kinds. I was recently informed by a dairy manager, that the demand for this *Pasteurised* skim milk is steadily increasing, and there can be no doubt that its distribution confers a great boon upon the poorer classes.

It is unnecessary to enlarge further upon this branch of the subject, for we are, alas! but too familiar with outbreaks of disease directly attributable to milk supplies. A striking case, which occurred in a city in America two years ago, of typhoid fever dissemination traced to the washing out of dairy vessels with typhoid-polluted water, may be mentioned in passing. No less than 386 cases of typhoid declared themselves in six weeks, and of this number over 97 per cent. occurred amongst families obtaining their milk from the same dairy. A careful inspection revealed the fact that the milk-cans had been rinsed out with

water from a shallow, contaminated well. Diphtheria is also justly associated with infected milk; but although Klein has stated that diphtheria will develop in the cow itself, and attack, amongst other organs, the udder, neither Abbot nor the Russian investigator Vladimirow, working quite independently, can support this statement. But it does not, unfortunately, require the hypothetical existence of this terrible disease in the cow itself to account for the dissemination of diphtheria by milk. If we take into consideration the now established fact that diphtheria bacilli thrive and multiply with particular facility in milk, even more so than in ordinary broth cultures, that they have been found in air in a vital and virulent condition, and may be scattered far and wide attached to dust particles, and if we remember the numerous opportunities offered for the infection of milk by persons handling it, who either themselves are suffering from this disease or are in diphtheria surroundings, then indeed we can readily understand how milk becomes a diphtheria-carrier of the first order.

Enough has been said to indicate the great importance which attaches to the most scrupulous cleanliness in all dairy operations. Bitter experience has doubtless compelled the adoption of some reforms in this direction; but bacteriology has shown that mere superficial precautions are quite inadequate to compass the dangers which surround the distribution of dairy produce. Even the process of Pasteurisation, to which we shall next have to direct our attention, and which has gained such a footing on the Continent, is primarily dependent for success upon the initial care taken in the collection of milk. There is no doubt that this Pasteurisation, or making safe, of dairy produce has largely resulted from the growing conviction of the evil wrought by badly regulated and carelessly managed dairying, whilst bacteriology has shown what grave hygienic and economic misfortunes may follow in the wake of crude neglect of scientific principles.

One of the earliest devices for rendering milk safe for consumption was that introduced by Soxhlet, and which bears his name. The main idea of this method was to sterilise milk in *small* quantities in bottles, so that children ran no risk of getting sour milk, each bottle only being opened as required. The bottles are arranged to stand in a tin vessel containing water which is subsequently heated; they are filled with milk, and by means of an ingenious self-closing arrangement become during heating hermetically sealed. This special contrivance not only keeps the contents of the bottles free from all chances of external contami-

nation, but also acts as a guarantee to the consumer, presuming the sterilisation to have been carried out at the dairy, that the milk reaches them untainted and in no way interfered with since sterilisation. An apparatus has been recently elaborated by Messrs. Neuhaus, Gronwald, and Oehlmann which is decidedly ingenious in its conception, and is said to yield the most satisfactory results. The principle upon which it is constructed is based upon an important discovery made, now many years ago, by Tyndall, that a moderate temperature applied for a short time on successive days succeeds in destroying bacteria which can survive prolonged exposure to a much higher temperature administered on a single occasion. This process of destroying bacteria is known as intermittent or fractional sterilisation, and depends upon the fact that some bacteria when in spore form can stand great heat, whilst in the fragile or rod form they are easily destroyed at a much lower temperature, and time is permitted by the interrupted application of heat for the rod or bacillus to grow out of the spore, in which fragile form it can be easily destroyed.

Now, as we have seen, there are very often present in milk spore forms of bacteria which are extremely troublesome to deal with, and, although Pasteurisation efficiently carried out can remove all pathogenic germs, yet there are certain undesirable fermentative bacteria which are characterised by remarkable resistance to heat.

In the apparatus above referred to this fractional sterilisation plays an important part, and the inventors claim that by its means they render milk germ-free, without endangering its palatability by exposing it to excessive temperatures. The milk is placed in bottles, as in Soxhlet's method, and they are deposited in a specially constructed box, in which they are surrounded by an atmosphere of steam for thirty minutes. The milk is allowed to slowly cool down, so as to favour the outgrowth of the bacilli from the spores, and the next day the same process is repeated, only the temperature to which the bottles are exposed is considerably higher. This method is attractive by its extreme simplicity, and so far scientific reports have been encouraging as to its efficacy in destroying the bacteria present.

There are many other pieces of apparatus which have been devised for milk Pasteurisation, and the majority of them have originated in Germany, where this process is largely adopted, not only for the treatment of milk, but also for such by-products as skim milk and whey.

The various types of commercial Pasteurising appliances at present in the market may be roughly divided into two types : Those in which a thin sheet of milk is allowed to flow over a surface that is heated by either hot water or steam, and those in which a reservoir, usually surrounded by an exterior shell containing the heating agent, is used to hold the milk during the process. The more efficiently constructed machines of this second class are provided with an agitator in the milk reservoir, so as to hasten the equalisation of temperature in the inner chamber, and at the same time keep the milk in motion, in order to prevent the coagulation and the adherence of the proteids on the walls of the vessel.

A very simple arrangement for daily Pasteurising milk on a small scale at home is easily provided by means of a flat-bottomed covered tin vessel and a few clean glass-stoppered bottles. The bottles, after careful washing and rinsing with *boiled* water, should be nearly filled with milk, when they are placed on any improvised stand, wood by preference, in the tin vessel ; the latter is then filled with warm water to the same level as the milk, the lid put on, and heat applied until the temperature of the water reaches 160 degrees Fahrenheit. The vessel is then removed and allowed to cool for half an hour, still covered up, after which the bottles of milk should be taken out and cooled as rapidly as possible, and stored in a refrigerator until wanted.

Quite apart from their superiority from a hygienic point of view, Pasteurised dairy products possess a far greater keeping power, and therefore a decided economic advantage over unpasteurised or raw dairy produce ; whilst the ease with which they can be transported opens up a possibility, unless we take the initiative, of our dairy industries having a fresh foreign foe to combat in the shape of imported Pasteurised milk.

There cannot be a doubt, if the public were once brought to realise what risk is run by the custom, now so universal in this country, of consuming raw dairy produce, they would abandon a practice both uncleanly and insanitary, and in so doing revolutionise the British dairy industry. Once the demand created, the agricultural authorities in this country would doubtless be sufficiently enlightened to exert themselves to the utmost to satisfy it ; but as long as the public hold aloof it is idle to expect farmers to take the initiative in instructing those who ought to lead.

A word or two in conclusion on what already has been achieved in the direction of Pasteurised butter-production. In 1890 Pro-

fessor Storch, the renowned Danish authority on dairy questions, set to work to study the effect of introducing different bacteria into sterilised cream, noting in each case the change in ripening function and aroma-production characteristic of each individual variety of microbe. In this manner he at length succeeded in discovering a particular form which not only effected the ripening process successfully, but engendered in the butter a delicate and pleasant taste and smell. Weigmann, of Kiel, has subsequently fully confirmed these important investigations, and the inquiry on butter-starters has since been actively carried on in the United States, where Professor Conn has succeeded in finding a bacillus which he claims possesses the same function as one previously isolated by Weigmann. It is recognised that various bacteria may serve as butter-starters, and in several of the Continental butter-cultures, which are now marketable commodities, several varieties are present, all of which are assumed to possess the same properties to a greater or less degree. This branch of research is still being vigorously pursued both on the Continent and in America, and the Belgravia Dairy, at its Havant factory in this country, has proved itself a praiseworthy pioneer in this matter.

The growing favour with which this Pasteurised and pure culture-started butter is viewed in Denmark may be gathered from the fact that whereas in 1891¹ only 4 per cent. of the butter exhibited at the Danish butter exhibitions was made from Pasteurised cream, in 1895 the percentage had increased to 86 per cent., whilst the prizes almost exclusively fell to the samples made by the new process. Three-fourths of the butter which is now exported from Denmark is, moreover, stated to be made from cream which has been sterilised, and then inoculated with a particular germ, the result of which is a product of high and uniform quality.

What applies to butter applies equally to cheese; and in this branch of dairy-bacteriology great activity is visible, and already quite a number of bacteria have been separated out, and have had their duties defined, and have been provided with a local habitation and a name, and doubtless before long every dairy will be supplied with its bacterial cheese and butter starters, and crude empiricism will be replaced by scientific practice.

G. C. FRANKLAND.

¹ Früs, *Bull. Danish Expt. Station*, 1896.

At the Sign of the Ship.

IN consequence, perhaps, of Mr. Saintsbury's 'Twenty Years of Reviewing,' in *Blackwood*, there has been a good deal of discussion about this kind of criticism. Sir Walter Besant is said (I have only seen an abstract of his remarks) to desire that only 'good or important' books should be sent out for review. This would be, in itself, an enormous improvement on custom. But what editor can read, or even taste, *all* the books? He would, in practice, be apt to decide on the evidence of known names. Now a gem of a book may come with an unknown name, and, perhaps, from a publishing firm of little mark. The editor might (and I have been told, sometimes does) request his reviewer to leave the bad books alone, except when some Robert Montgomery needs exposure.

* . *

The practice of noticing almost all books exists, no doubt, for some reason, apart from the editorial difficulty of selection. But it necessarily leaves little room for the reviews of notable books. The critic has to do a 'batch,' perhaps half a dozen at once, and he is not likely to give much time to each. Nor is it probable that he is equally well acquainted with Golf, Arctic Exploration, Constitutional History, The Reign of King John, The Evolution of Vestments, Hindoo Law, Ballooning, and Buddhism. Of works on these themes his batch may consist. How can his brief remarks be of much value? 'Cat-doctors are often very ignorant,' said a lady, lately. 'Everybody is very ignorant,' some one replied. I confess that most reviewers are like cat-doctors. They do not know much.

* . *

But it is not, it seems, generally considered that specialists make good reviewers. The reviewer at large declares that he knows, at least, more than the public, to whom the book appeals. If so, I am sorry for the public! Moreover, the public does not,

publicly, sit in judgment, and the reviewer does. In my opinion, a critic ought to be able to correct an author where his author is wrong, and to add, if only a little, to the information. Clearly books of history, science, scholarship, can only be criticised by a person who knows the subject. If he does not know it, the reviewer can only give a summary of the book's contents and say whether it interests him, by style and manner, or not. This is the not useless function of the 'newsman of the Republic of Letters.' It is not criticism. But an author is not unlucky if he gets as much from his reviewer.

* *

A friend of mine once wrote a book on a historical subject. His reviewer said that he had only studied one set of documents. Now his evidence was greatly derived from another set. His reviewer declared that a third set of documents 'flatly contradicted' his theories. That third set, with which the author was familiar, in no way whatever affected the matter in hand; where the topic in question was touched on at all, the documents in the third collection were copies of those in the first set. This criticism had a false appearance of being by a specialist; but, apparently, the specialist had not been special enough to read the book on which he pronounced judgment. Yet even this reviewer did, at least, add something to the information of his author, a thing very rare, and deserving gratitude.

* *

On the whole, to find an instructed review on any topic of history, scholarship, philosophy, literary history, or science (say anthropology, psychology, or the study of religions), in a daily or weekly newspaper, is not a common experience. Contemporary biography is much more likely to be reviewed with knowledge. On the other hand, experts are said to parade their own knowledge (a very useful thing if it corrects or amplifies that of their author), to revel in detecting technical errors (and that is useful, too), and not to know how to write English. This can hardly be true about historical and literary specialists. Mr. Freeman criticised Mr. Froude. Mr. Freeman could write English, and though nobody can approve of his tone, in many cases, though one has certainly found him 'seeking a knot in a reed' and dancing with elephantine glee round a very trifling error, still, his corrections must frequently have been useful. Only an expert could have made them; or, at least, an instructed person. The ordinary

ignorant reviewer would have been quite happy with 'Saint Ampulla,' and with 'stars' as a translation of a French word meaning 'the King's evil.'

* *

The truth is that the review of an expert, or instructed person, is apt to be full of condensed knowledge of the subject in hand, whatever that may be, and therefore, to the newspaper-loving public, such a review is even harder reading than the book itself, a book which the newspaper-loving public would never dream of trying to peruse. Thus newspaper editors cannot be expected to like instructed reviewing. They have no space for it, and, if they had, their *abonnés* would be terribly bored by it. Newspapers, therefore, do their best, when they give readable, often jocular, 'news from the Republic of Letters.' Very often they do not even give this; they give the vapid jottings of a weary, uninterested, ignorant hack, who dare not venture on an original remark for fear of 'putting his foot in it.' Besides, he has not even read, as a rule, beyond the preface.

* *

For these reasons, many of them inherent in the nature of things, I do not regard ordinary reviewing of books which are not novels, as very healthy. When we come to novels, a critic does not need to know much in the way of hard facts. He need not be an expert in French or Scotch history to review Mr. Stanley Weyman or Mr. Crockett. If he is only interested in the art of fiction, fairly well read in it, intelligent, honest, and gifted with a pleasant style, we need ask no more. We often get as much. But we at once encounter prejudice and partiality, personal and literary. Everything that Jenkins writes is praised in the *Theseum*, and is abused in the *Heræum*. The *Theseum* changes proprietors, and Jenkins never gets a good word from it. Novels, in fact, are seldom so good, and perhaps not often so bad, as the reviewers declare. There exists a set of advertisements, consisting of extracts from reviews of a pretty ordinary batch of novels, about eight extracts to each book. Say there are ten books, then there are about eighty extracts, in which each of them is called 'masterly,' or 'a masterpiece.' Masterpieces are not, really, quite so common. We must suppose that reviewers are either very good-natured, or that they have not a high standard of comparison. As to poetry, I fear that favourable criticism of contemporary poetry 'goes by favour,' though that favour may be won by the excellence of the

minstrelsy, not by the social qualities of the minstrel. Lately I noticed a reviewer saying of his author that he was 'a clever fool.' This seemed lacking in urbanity. The extra charge for manners is obviously not earned by the Board Schools.

* * *

One often observes the charge of 'superiority' brought against critics. A man can hardly venture any criticism of Dickens or of Burns without being called 'a superior person.' It is implied, I presume, that if he disapproves of anything in Dickens or Burns, he thinks himself the superior of these great geniuses. So, too, in Byron's case. But you may speak your mind of Scott, Thackeray, Wordsworth, or even Shakspeare, without being called 'superior.' Why is this?

* * *

The truth seems to be that a critic may easily be superior in education and taste to that part of Dickens's or Burns's intellect which is not informed and permeated by their genius. The everyday selves of Dickens and Burns were not finely critical, rather were they popular. Burns occasionally expresses a genuine admiration of very poor stuff; the reflections of Dickens are occasionally those of the bourgeois Liberal, or even of the facetious writer of Radical leading articles. Look at the introductory chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit*! A reviewer need not be very superior to see the weakness of such things. He only begins, I think, to be a foolish 'superior person' if he conceits himself that, because he is superior to these exhibitions of the everyday self of Burns or Dickens, therefore he has a right to despise their genius when that asserts itself. This applies, also, to the curious misdirected literary admirations of Scott, and to his careless laxities; to the flatnesses of Wordsworth, to the pedantries of Fielding, to the puns of Shakspeare. We can all detect these blemishes. But the odd thing is, that a critic may remark on them unblamed; he is only called 'superior' when he takes a similar liberty with Burns, Dickens, and Byron. Why is this distinction made? Perhaps because there is so much of the ordinary, the non-literary, the exaggerated, the pathetically or humorously commonplace, mixed up with the work of Byron, Burns, and Dickens. These defects win a class of readers who do not care for Wordsworth, Shakspeare, or Scott. They will let you say your say about these authors, but if you say your say about the others, you are 'an

odious; sneering beast.' There may be some other explanation of this partiality: I give that which occurs to me as the most generally irritating.

* * *

O race of printers, how much we authors suffer from, and inflict on you! Lately, in a magazine article of my own, I found this mystic phrase, 'the want of historical perspective, which makes the moment hide the great Shakspeare of time.' Can you suggest a meaning, or an emendation? I was baffled. Then I remembered that I wrote 'the great abysm of time.' The printer, or proof-reader, or editor, or somebody queried 'abysm.' I wrote on the margin, 'Shakspeare,' as my authority for 'abysm of time,' and 'abysm' was taken out, and 'Shakspeare' was inserted. Probably no mortal could have conjecturally emended the passage correctly, or shown how Shakspeare came in. This reminds me that somebody in England had anticipated the American conjecture which connects Falstaff's 'babble of green fields' with Psalm xxiii. Another funny misprint is 'The World's Drive' for 'The World's Desire,' as if it were a golfing work.

* * *

Last month I said that I thought the S.P.R. had criticised the story of Mr. Williams's dream of Mr. Percival's murder in the House of Commons (May 11, 1812). They had, and the results are funny. In the ordinary version (*Times*, August 28, 1828), Mr. Williams dreamed his dream on the night of May 11: he had never been in the lobby of the House, but he recognised it, later, when he went to town. Now, Mr. Williams wrote, or dictated, and signed before witnesses, a full account, in 1832. Here, he says, that he knew the lobby of the House very well, that he verified his dream as to situations and so forth, later, not in the lobby, but from a drawing, and that the dream occurred on May 2, or May 3, more than a week before the event. But his account is written twenty years after date. There is another most singular unnoticed circumstance in connection with the dream and the murder, 'but that is another story.'

* * *

A cheery book is 'The Babe, B.A.,'¹ by Mr. E. F. Benson. Novels of University life are hard to write: Mr. Benson has not written one. The Babe, bless him, does not fall

¹ Putnam's Sons.

in love. He frolics. He drops a goal, against Oxford, out of a scrimmage. He acts the part of Clytemnestra, as well as Mr. Frank Benson, long ago. Mr. Frank Benson took the breath away, in that parent of all modern Greek revivals, in Balliol Hall. The players, like the Babe, were athletes. Clytemnestra won the Three Miles, Cassandra (Mr. Lawrence) won the Hurdles; Agamemnon (Mr. Bruce) won the Hundred, or the Quarter; I think the Quarter. The Babe got the best second in Modern History. He had an angelic bull-dog, Bill to his master, Mr. Sykes (*Sikes* it should be) to all Europe. There are two very old mouldy 'chest-nuts' on two consecutive pages, and there is not enough cricket. If any one (say Mr. Horace Hutchinson) writes an Oxford book, more cricket should be given. Is 'Mr. Stuart' a caricature? I do not know Cambridge well enough to say. But the Babe is a brick, and ought to have gone into the army. He was made to be a soldier: he is wasted on civil life. The book is not destitute of petticoats, but the reader must look for them at the luncheon given, by the nefarious Babe, to guests of the Highest Quality. The Babe is a worthy companion to Mr. Hutchinson's 'Peter Steel, Cricketer.'

* * *

The Babe, among other things, is not a golfer. He who would be the happy golfer must read Mr. Everard's 'Golf in Theory and Practice.'¹ Probably there is nowhere so much sound instruction so closely packed. The theory of driving is accompanied by hints for a kind of drill in three movements, which, like fencing at the wall, may be practised by the beginner, before he makes himself a nuisance on the links. I cannot pretend to be much interested in positions.

'There are ninety ways in all of addressing to the ball,
And every single one of them is right.'

Mr. Everard, modestly, photographs Mr. Cunningham in all the postures. His own style has already attracted the pencil of the artist, and might well have served as a model to the beginner.

Of course, books cannot supply the place of actual practice and observation of good players, but most of Mr. Everard's remarks are new to me, especially the theory and practice of approaching. The hints on conduct are very good. Like all golfers, Mr. Everard detests the English duffer who solemnly delays the green by counting his innumerable strokes with a paper and pencil. The English

¹ G. Bell & Sons.

are much more inclined to do this than the Scots. The solitary bore, too, who keeps everybody waiting, while he fozzles along in front, is not neglected. But four ball games are even more pernicious, and are dear to some artisan players of the first class—it is not easy to guess why. We may look to see eight or sixteen ball games; these things should not be. I have a dark horse for the Amateur Championship. The earnest golfer, of course, never talks during a round. Now, I regard golf, and whist, as opportunities for conversation. Here Mr. Everard is of a directly contrary opinion. Perhaps merely as a golfer he is right, but it is dull work. Talking of style, Mr. Marion Crawford's great duellist, Spicca, keeps his forefinger straight down the hilt of his blade. How can he? In the Italian small-sword play the fore and second finger grasp the cross-bar: in the French and usual style, the forefinger and thumb execute the movements, as of feints and disengagements.

* * *

What moralist wrote this?—

'Such of you as have yonge persons under your charge should not lett them reade Romances, especially the womenkind: at beste 't is but losse of tyme, and is apt to put foolish and rediculous thoughts into their heads, especially the female. History is usefull, and as diverting.'

Nobody will guess; the moralist was King James II.!

* * *

Does any one know aught of this rhyme, no doubt used in a child's dancing game?

Who is there?

Poor maid full of sorrow and care.

What will poor maid have?

I beseech to rep (?) poor Tham in.

Is poor Tham dead?

Poor Tham is dead.

When did poor Tham dey?

Yesterday in the morning grey

Partit poor Tham, and deid, deid, deid!

I heard a bird

Sing in the wood

Poor Tham is deid

Sup, pru, nel, mel, dul, yohn.

The last words look like a 'counting out rhyme.' The piece

is from a MS. diary of Oliger Jacobæus, a Dane in England, in 1677. The manuscript is in the Royal Library in Denmark (Appendix II. to Forty-sixth Report of the Deputy-Keeper of Public Records, 1886). Mr. Gomme may know the child's game, I have not met it elsewhere.

* * *

In a new history of the navy the naval wars with America are to be chronicled by Americans, Captain Mahan and Mr. Roosevelt. The American paper, *The Bookman*, thinks that our ignorance will be oddly enlightened. Well, we know that we had much the worse of it: our hands were pretty full of a war with France, were they not? I once asked an American patriot whether, in American school histories, the children were taught how much France aided their country. The patriot, sitting by a sea-coal fire, in the Savile Club, said 'No!' or so I remember the conversation. Surely James's Naval History does not omit the American wars? *The Bookman* says that no English work even hints that America had any naval history before the date of Captain Semmes and Admiral Farragut. Now I could almost swear to James's book! 'The exploits of Paul Jones . . . are always consistently ignored.' Are they? See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and the story of Invernahyle. Jones was a Galloway lad, a pirate; he took merchant vessels, and drowned or otherwise destroyed their crews. For this I have only Jones's written word. I do not believe most Englishmen know that we burned Washington. It was news to me, lately. Why is Ross of Bladensburg so entitled? Was Bunker's Hill a colonial victory? We forget victories as well as defeats; and who reads General Stewart on the Highland Regiments? Who 'dreamed of Freedom in the arms of a slave,' and then sold his and her children in the public market? I do not know. Dickens mentions this patriot, but does not name him. *The Bookman* distrusts Captain Mahan, because he has been 'greatly cockered by the English,' and 'may not like to mention the fact that Paul Jones swept the commerce of England,' &c. Jones was one of our own breed of ruffians; but how this American distrusts a gallant and learned fellow-countryman! However, 'the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt may safely be trusted to tell the whole of the truth.' How pleasant for Captain Mahan to learn that he cannot be trusted to tell the truth! 'And this is no spread-eagleism.' It is the most astonishing bad taste and suspicious insolence. Nobody, perhaps, would distrust a French account of Fontenoy,

because we were beaten there. At Waterloo the vast amount of detail makes it necessary to strike a balance between French and English accounts; and this is what the historian must do, with the necessary allowance for national bias. We may trust Captain Mahan to do his best, and so may the Americans. Our history is so long and full, and is so little taught, that very few people know much about it. Few persons are still sore over Bouvines, and the Scotch have entirely forgotten two of their greatest victories. American history is short, and every magazine, every month, has articles on Washington, and Lincoln, and Grant. We leave Wolfe alone, a good deal.

* * *

Says Mrs. Gordon: 'Major Wolfe came to me . . . and said that he was come to tell me that by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's orders I was deprived of everything I had except the clothes on my back. . . . I desired to have my tea, but the Major told me it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army, so he did not believe I could have it. . . . I mentioned several other things, particularly my china. That, he told me' (amiable collectors!) 'was, a great deal of it, very pretty, and that they were very fond of china themselves, but . . . I might, perhaps, have some of it. I then desired to have my pictures. He said he supposed I would not wish to have them all.' The Duke relented, but Mrs. Gordon was refused everything; 'the best of my things were packed up, and actually shipped off a fortnight before they' (Cumberland, Hawley, and Co.) 'left my house.' There follows an inventory of Hawley's loot. (*The Lyon in Mourning*, iii. 173.) The china was recognised in a window of a shop in London. The shopkeeper bought it from 'a woman of the town, who told him it was given her by the Duke of Cumberland!' Here was a pretty master for the great Wolfe!

* * *

Would that spelling reformers could introduce uniformity in proper names. Fraser, Frazer; Moncreif, Moncrieff, Moncreiff; Crawford, Crawford, Crauford, Craufurd; Eliot, Elliott, Elliot; Russel, Russell. There is no end to this kind of thing. And Graham, Grahame, Græme, seem to have been used indifferently; while even Lang will cause confusion with Laing, the pronunciation being identical—in England. I fancy the needless 'i' came in from France, where John Lang, in the *Archer Guard*, is 'Jean Lain,' I myself being, I find, *Andrévlan*. In

Germany the spelling is without the 'i,' and 'A Lang' writes in the German historical reviews.

* * *

Scenes out of Dickens do not often occur in real life, but I find one, gravely narrated, in *Light*. A medium was in what is called 'the cabinet,' a small room opening on one side into the *séance* room, where the faithful sit in the dark, on the other side having a door communicating with the stairs. The usual tom-foolery was going on, and 'materialised forms' were bobbing around, when the wife of one of the faithful knocked loudly at the front door, ran upstairs and tried to force her way in among the adepts. She was got rid of, but where was the medium? He was not in the 'cabinet,' and the cabinet door on to the stairs was open. Presently another furious knock came to the front door. Some one came to say that the medium was prowling about the kitchen of one of the faithful, in a house a little way down the street. This incident is regarded as miraculous!

* * *

I have to thank the anonymous benefactor who sent me two geese and two bottles of whisky, apparently in memory of the intoxicated ducks of Banavie. Would the correspondent who kindly sent a book named *Botany Bay* let me have his address, that the loan may be returned?

A. LANG.

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The 'Donna.'

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